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SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 407, Vol. 16.

August 15, 1863.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

ANGLOPHOBIA.

IF the vanity of Englishmen requires a corrective, they have only to ascertain the feelings with which their country is regarded by neighbouring and rival nations. Wise men are content to know, and, if possible, to forget, that they are the subjects of censorious comment to their friends and to strangers. Good breeding and good feeling forbid unfavourable criticism in the presence of its object; but nations are compelled to be listeners, and England, at least, never hears any good of herself. At present, the discordant chorus of abuse has swelled into an unprecedented volume, and it seems worth while to inquire why a community which seems to itself peaceable and inoffensive has become, even more conspicuously than in ordinary times, the victim of universal calumny and vituperation. The furious hatred of Federal America to England is perhaps the most discreditable instance on record of a prevailing and malignant delusion; but there is, unfortunately, no doubt that it is at present the dominant feeling of the North. The complaints which are founded on the doubtful case of the *Alabama* are mere excuses for the gratification of animosity. The American press was as hostile before a Confederate vessel had sailed from Liverpool as in its hundredth reiteration of the false assertion that the laws of neutrality have been wilfully violated. From the beginning of the war, the Federals have been alternately taught that England was determined to assist the South, and that she was deterred by selfish cowardice from even dreaming of recognition. The Emperor of the FRENCH has scarcely become unpopular in the United States, although he has urged recognition on the English Government, and although he has taken advantage of the Secession to establish a monarchy in Mexico. Whatever is unpalatable in his acts is systematically attributed to English influence, because the anger which has been increased by the war is but a flame blown up from the ashes of pre-existent and causeless animosity against England.

The dislike which is felt for the English name and character in France is perhaps less outrageous, as it is modified by self-respect, but it is unfortunately equally genuine. The hesitation of the English Government in supporting the EMPEROR'S policy in Poland has revived the habitual declamations against English perfidy and selfishness. It is well known that England is disinclined to permit the extension of the French dominions in Europe, and perhaps there is a sincere disbelief in the enthusiasm of Englishmen for the independence of Poland. In this case, also, the immediate pretext of offence is but the symbol and utterance of a long standing prejudice. For centuries French opinion has been, on the whole, unfriendly to England, and the Continent habitually looks through the eyes of France. It has been lately stated that the Russians consider it natural that France should protect the Poles, but that they are bitterly offended by the diplomatic interference of England. In the same manner, they attributed to England their misfortunes in the Crimean war, while they hastened, as soon as peace was restored, to cement a fresh alliance with France. The Poles, while they are soliciting the aid of England, are unable to suppress the hatred which they have been taught by their French patrons to feel for the country which is falsely accused of complicity with the infamous partitions of the last century. In one of the most plausible of their recent pamphlets, the Polish writer asserts that the centre of the Russian conspiracy is in London; and he repeatedly declares that England is the worst enemy of his cause. There is too much reason to fear that in Germany, and especially in Prussia, English policy is regarded with suspicion and dislike. The alliance of the Western Powers has always been unpopular among the Germans; and the Government which is denounced in Paris as backward and illiberal is held responsible at Berlin and Hanover for half the revolutionary designs which originate in Europe.

The former hatred of the Austrian Government to England had some excuse in the strong sympathy which had been felt for the Hungarian cause and for the independence of Italy. The official antipathy has, perhaps, recently relaxed, but the antagonism of policy and sentiment may at any moment revive. In Italy, except among the ecclesiastical and democratic factions, the hearty good will of England to the national cause may have produced a favourable impression. Greece has recently shown an unexpected appreciation of the English character, and the Turks can scarcely be wanting in a certain respect for their only friend and protector. With these exceptions, the opinion of Europe is mortifying to a patriotic Englishman. The greedy vanity which is gratified even by dislike may find some consolation in the belief that hatred partakes largely of envy; but, on the whole, it would be far more agreeable to meet with good will and appreciation among foreigners.

Political influence is widely though unequally distributed in England, and every educated man who concerns himself with politics may contribute a share to the formation of public opinion. Those who find their opinions and habits of thought approximately represented in Parliament and in the Government are certain that they are themselves exempt from the vices which foreigners attribute to their country; and, to the best of their judgment, their neighbours appear to be as well-meaning as themselves. It is impossible to persuade them that Lord PALMERSTON, Lord RUSSELL, or Lord DERBY spend their lives in plotting against the greatness of allied nations, and against the happiness and tranquillity of the world. In modern times, all English parties are sincerely desirous of peace, and they are firmly convinced that the prosperity of other nations is advantageous to their own country. Notwithstanding the mendacious rant of Federal speakers and writers, almost all Englishmen regretted and disapproved the Secession; nor have they at any time grudged the extraordinary advance of the United States in wealth and population. Englishmen wish to see France increasing in material prosperity, and not engaged in wasteful wars. They would rejoice in the establishment of a great and united Germany, as they cordially welcomed the regeneration of Italy. The rapid progress of Spain has in no country been so readily appreciated as in England. The emancipation of the Russian serfs was unanimously applauded, and the general interest in the cause of the Poles is wholly unconnected with any hostile feeling to Russia. Among all the populations which are taught to detest England, not one is regarded in turn with unfriendly feelings, except in consequence of some positive cause of offence.

Some portion of the unpopularity of England is undoubtedly occasioned by the freedom of the press, and by the unreserved discussion which expresses a warm interest in foreign affairs. It is not agreeable to be publicly discussed even by a friendly neighbour; nor can it be denied that members of Parliament, and even Ministers, have often been imprudently forward in the expression of unpalatable criticisms. Yet if the press were to silence all foreign correspondence, and to impose on itself a total ignorance of foreign affairs, the chief causes of prejudice and misunderstanding would still be untouched. As long as the religion and institutions of the country remain the same, England will be hated by Roman Catholic priests, and by those whom they can influence, and by democrats throughout the world. As the classes which determine the opinion and policy of England belong, with few exceptions, to the Established Church, they are not compensated by the support of Protestant sects for the hostility of Rome. The late Count NESSELRODE was, perhaps, the only foreign member of the Anglican communion on the Continent of Europe. There is, therefore, no ecclesiastical sympathy with foreigners, and the political characteristics of England are almost equally

insular and remarkable. The combination of unlimited freedom with general inequality is revolting to the European democrat, and unintelligible to the American. The "principles of 1789" have never found acceptance in a country which possessed older and sounder principles of its own. The great truth that all men are born free and equal requires much correction or limitation before it can become an available truth in England.

When all the Roman Catholics, all the extreme Protestants, and all the democrats are deducted, the possibly friendly residue of the population is reduced within narrow limits. It is remarkable that Italy, which but imperfectly reflects the general hostility to England, also stands alone in the antagonism to Romish usurpation which has been an insular characteristic for a thousand years. Statesmen and scholars of the order of CAVOUR and RICASOLI have a fellow-feeling with the political supporters of the English Church. They wish that priests should be citizens and members of society, though they may be unable to secure the object, as in England, by establishing a clerical order of gentlemen. They are probably also aware that political freedom is identical with the government of an elastic and undefined minority. A few Frenchmen and Germans are beginning to understand that the only alternative of administrative despotism is the gratuitous discharge of public duties by the wealthier classes. It is not likely, however, that their teaching will reach the multitude, or that despotism will cease to rely on the congenial institution of universal suffrage; and it may, therefore, be feared that the English Government and nation will continue to be disliked and abused, especially as all European foreigners read French, while the Americans feed their angry passions even more fully by the use of a common tongue. As it is not convenient, even for the sake of conciliating general good will, to abolish Church and State, it may be respectfully suggested to foreign censors that they should make some little inquiry into the character and customs which they habitually misrepresent.

THE REFORM OF THE GERMAN CONFEDERATION.

IF the German Confederation can be reformed, no human institution could possibly be more in need of reformation. It was set up half a century ago partly because it was thought a conservative measure to interpose a Power of some sort between France and Russia, and partly because it appeared absurd that there should be so many Germans without a Germany. It seemed to give a meaning to the tiny sovereignties of Germany that they should be grouped together into a Confederation, and the amusement of deciding how the complicated question of voting should be arranged combined that mixture of precision, formality, ingenuity, and utter impracticability which delights the German mind. It would be hard, however, to discover a single useful end that the Confederation can be said to have served, except, perhaps, that of fostering the belief of Germany in the possibility of its having at least a nominal existence. In its early days, the Confederation was merely a political arrangement by which Austria was enabled to enforce on her petty neighbours the system of repression which was thought the height of wisdom at Vienna. Any prince who might have been tempted to remember the solemn vow, which every German sovereign had proffered in the hour of danger and enthusiasm, that free institutions should be established in his dominions, was made to feel that the Bund could not suffer such a dangerous tribute to conscience and honesty. After this was settled, the mission of the Bund was apparently terminated for many years. It could not even secure for Germany the commercial advantages of uniform and general custom duties. It lay, in fact, perfectly idle until it was swept away by the National Parliament of 1848; and, when restored, it was only restored to lend a kind of shadowy dignity to the policy of Austria or of Prussia. At length it sank to so ludicrous an extremity that it had to register the present King of Prussia's indignation against a prince who violated the constitution of his dominions, and absurdity could scarcely go further than this. Even statesmen accustomed to use the reserve enforced by high office no longer think it necessary to affect the slightest respect for the German Bund. Lord PALMERSTON, when recently called on to explain the apathy with which the English Cabinet contemplated the threat of a Federal execution in Holstein, stated with the utmost frankness that the threat did not appear to him very formidable, as he could not discover that it made the slightest perceptible difference to a terri-

tory whether it was under a Federal execution or not, and he seemed even to think that a Federal execution might be going on, like geological changes, without anyone being aware of it. There are, indeed, philosophical historians, like Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, who conceive that this most feeble of governmental bodies contributes somehow to the preservation of the peace of Europe. It is supposed that France more especially is likely to tremble at the majestic name of United Germany, and that, although Austria or Prussia might rage or threaten in vain, yet that if so big a lion as the whole Germanic Confederation began to roar, LOUIS NAPOLEON would never suspect it was only SNUG the Joiner.

But this shadow of a shade is the only German institution the Germans have got, and so they cling to it, and wish to make something of it. For the last ten years, the free thought and the political aspirations of Germany have pointed to setting up a reality instead of a mockery at Frankfort. This, it was supposed, was the true opening for Prussia, who, as her friends hoped, was ready to take the lead of Northern Germany, and to guide all her neighbours in the fields of diplomacy and arms. Prussia, liberal herself, preaching liberty to others, and, by the aid of a group of devoted allies or adherents, taking a prominent position and advocating a bold and consistent policy in Europe, was the favourite dream of many German enthusiasts. And if Prussia had not had the inconceivable misfortune to fall at the present crisis into the hands of a blundering old soldier and a clique of reactionary courtiers, the dream might have been realized. The Duke of SAXE COBURG thought that the course of Prussia was so obvious and so easy, that he had only to start things by offering on the altar of his country the privilege of commanding a tiny but independent army of his own. He divested himself of this attribute of sovereignty, in order that he might minister to the greatness of Prussia, and teach other Germans to look on Prussia as their head. But the KING was one of those men who are not to be forced or cajoled into greatness. The pearl of the leadership of Germany was put before him, and he trampled on it with the utmost complacency. And now the chance has been taken from him, and has been given to another. Austria has most adroitly seized the opportunity which Prussia neglected, and, if any regret or shame could eat into the heart of M. VON BISMARCK or his master, no mortification, it might be imagined, could be greater than that of seeing Austria leading Germany in introducing Federal reforms, and coming before the world as the great supporter of German freedom. The moment has been admirably chosen. Europe has been brought so near the brink of a war, and Germany has had so immediate a prospect of becoming the battle-field of huge armies, that few Germans could fail to regret the waste of national strength, and the utter bewilderment of the national mind and energy, which the present constitution of the Confederation would involve if the hour of action came. Germans too are, for the moment, heartily ashamed of Prussia, and not unreasonably proud of Austria. They see Prussia vacillating and cowed, with no foreign policy that can bear the light or stand discussion, and with a domestic policy which carries with it the seeds of its own destruction. They see Austria boldly confronting internal difficulties, appealing to definite principles, and holding a place of the first importance in the councils of Europe. It is in the highest degree creditable to the sagacity of the advisers of the EMPEROR to have seen that there was an opening which might never be offered again, and that now was the time for Austria to assume that permanent place, as head of Germany, to which the tradition of centuries entitles her to aspire.

What is called the reform of the Germanic Confederation can really mean nothing else than the settlement of the general principles on which Germany shall be governed, and the determination of the centre of political power. This is what was meant when Prussians supposed that the reform was to be conducted by Prussia, and this is what is meant by Austria now. It is said that Austria proposes that a representative body shall sit at Frankfort, partly elected by the German people, and partly nominated by the sovereigns, and also that the executive power of the Confederation shall be entrusted to a very small number of States. Directly these proposals are considered in detail, innumerable difficulties present themselves. A German Parliament could scarcely determine the policy of Germany while Austria and Prussia each decided on its own policy. Prussia not long ago informed the Confederation distinctly that, if any great European question arose, she should do as she thought best, without troubling herself about the views of the Bund. This passed off very well, and no one took any offence, because the

present Confederation is a pure sham, alike incapable of feeling insults and indignation. But if it were attempted to have a real Federal Government, either Prussia must cease to have a distinctly Prussian policy, or there would be a civil war. And the reform of the executive would involve equal difficulties. It is said that one plan is to entrust the executive power to Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria. This would be simply to extinguish Prussia. Bavaria is nothing more than the little friend of Austria, enjoying a certain consideration because the present King, eschewing the artistic extravagances of his father, buys soldiers instead of pictures and marbles, and commands a hundred thousand men; but, still more, because the royal family is closely connected with that of Austria, and because Bavaria and Austria represent the Catholicism of Southern Germany. Prussia would, indeed, have sunk into an abyss of degradation if it allowed itself to play the part of a humble third to Austria and Bavaria. That the Confederation will be reformed according to any scheme now proposed is very unlikely, and it is still more unlikely that, if any reform such as that said to be now advocated by Austria were adopted, it could last more than a very few years. The movement is not to be judged by its details or by any special proposals. Austria shows that she comprehends the two great wants of Germany—the want of free institutions and the want of effective leadership; and this alone is important. Many schemes will be tried only to be abandoned, and many proposals will be made only to be rejected, before the future government and institutions of Germany are determined; but unless at this eleventh hour Prussia makes some extraordinary effort, it will be Austria that will determine them.

THE MEXICAN EMPIRE.

THE appointment of the Archduke MAXIMILIAN to occupy an Imperial throne in Mexico is a surprising event, both in itself and as the accomplishment of a project which seemed wholly chimerical. NAPOLEON III. belongs to the highest order of thaumaturgic performers. Not contented with the mere display of unexpected skill, he challenges the scepticism of his audience by announcing beforehand the almost incredible feat which he afterwards proceeds to perform. When Mr. DISRAELI became a leader in the House of Commons, when Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON ascended the throne of France, the adroitness of both achievements was enhanced by the recollection that neither aspirant to power had ever doubted of his own ultimate triumph. The Emperor of the FRENCH has since that time ventured upon many enterprises, without wearing out his astonishing good fortune. When he embarked, against the wish of his subjects, in the Mexican speculation, and more especially during the long delay of his forces on their way to the capital, it was thought by many that his demon or guardian angel had at last deserted him. It is still by no means obvious that any solid advantage will accrue to France from the expenditure of treasure and life in a superfluous conquest; but the army and the people will exult in the power of a Sovereign who can create and give away empires. It was as unlikely that an Austrian Archduke should accept a crown from a NAPOLEON as that a French garrison should occupy the chief city of Spanish America. The splendour of the transaction will compensate for its inutility or improvidence, and new strength will be added to the popular belief that civilization is borne round the world on the wings of the Imperial eagles. The new Monarchy must necessarily rely on the protecting power of France, as Austria has neither ships nor money to send on crusading errands across the Atlantic. It is said, indeed, that Frenchmen hope to be relieved by an Austrian force from the burden of the Mexican occupation; but even if the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH and the Council of the Empire were disposed to undertake the task, the appearance of a German army in Mexico would be a curious mode of commencing that establishment of a great Latin and Celtic State which NAPOLEON III. proposed in his letter to General FOREY as the main object of the war. It is not by Austrians that the Teutonic supremacy of the United States can be balanced on the Western Continent. The Archduke or Emperor MAXIMILIAN must be content to acknowledge the patronage of the real founder of the new dynasty.

As soon as the new Government is established, there can be no reason for withholding the recognition of England. The machinery by which an invading General causes a conquered province to obey his directions matters little either to natives or to foreigners. Marshal FOREY has, it seems, convoked a Council of Notables, or persons of his own way of thinking, and

his nominees have, with instructive unanimity, coincided in the judgment which the Emperor NAPOLEON had formed two years ago. The Archduke MAXIMILIAN has since accepted their invitation to assume the Government of Mexico, with the title of EMPEROR and with a Constitution borrowed from France. The modern substitute for the consecrating oil will be probably supplied by universal suffrage, or, as Frenchmen pedantically say, by a *plebiscite*. A salute of a hundred guns would be an equally imposing form, and it would represent public opinion not less accurately; but as the cost and trouble of the whole performance have fallen on the Emperor NAPOLEON, it would be hard if the author and paymaster of the festivities were not allowed to regulate the decorations. For the future administration of the country an efficient army and a regular Budget are the only indispensable requisites. Prefects may be easily found, and laws may be imported in bulk, but the first want of Mexico is a force which will maintain order without paying itself for its services by plunder or oppression. The new Emperor must have a revenue and an army, and it will be well if he insists on re-establishing the credit of Mexico. A French auxiliary force would effectually suppress robbery and violence, but its commander would, like his colleague at Rome, be, in virtue of his office, viceroy over the nominal ruler. It is possible that even Mexicans, if they are regularly paid and strictly disciplined, may learn to perform the proper duties of soldiers; but, for the present, it will be necessary to maintain an army either of auxiliaries or of foreign mercenaries. By some means or other, the new Government will almost certainly attain such a condition as to justify the recognition which awaits all established or existing authorities. It is not at all improbable that a monarchy may really suit a semi-barbarous country better than a republic. England can have no special predilection or dislike for either form of government, and the inconveniences which may hereafter result from the arrangement concern France alone. It is, perhaps, occasionally irritating to jealous or ambitious tempers that the ancient rival of England should have succeeded in monopolizing the attention or the wonder of the world; but modest politicians are well content with the withdrawal of the English Government from the joint campaign which began as a restraint for debt and ended with the creation of an empire. The retiring partner has the mixed feeling of comfort and humiliation of an ordinary tourist on his return from a walk, after parting with a companion who has suddenly announced that he is on his way to the peak of the Matterhorn.

Whether Mexico is to be an Austrian monarchy, a Latin empire, or a French dependency, it will probably be necessary, sooner or later, to deal with the hostility of the United States. For the present, Federal agitators will doubtless attribute the obnoxious event to the perfidy, the cowardice, or some other of the vicious qualities which are commonly attributed to England. The Americans like the French, because they believe them to be the natural enemies of their own favourite object of hatred; and they also admire the Emperor NAPOLEON, because they know him to be powerful and despotic, and because they believe him to be unscrupulous. Nevertheless, they are obliged to affect a regard for the doctrine to which they have attached the name of President MONROE. The protest against European interference on the American Continent was first directed, on the suggestion of Mr. CANNING, against the supposed projects of the Holy Alliance in South America. The doctrine afterwards became popular because it furnished pretexts for insolence to England, and it was largely used in the obscure negotiations about the Mosquito Coast and the islands in the Bay of Honduras. The Emperor NAPOLEON was in no way bound to respect an arbitrary rule propounded by a single Power, and never yet incorporated into the code of international law. It is probable, however, that, but for the disruption of the Union, he would not have prosecuted his Mexican scheme; and it cannot be denied that he has revived or originated the policy which forty years ago provoked President MONROE's declaration. The Americans are not yet angry, but they feel bound to repeat their challenge, as it has been taken up by a Power to which they never intended to address it. For the purpose of cultivating unfriendly feelings to the conqueror of Mexico, France is now not unfrequently bracketed with England in political declamation. On the return of peace, it is highly probable that attempts will be made to overthrow the new Mexican monarchy; nor will there be any serious difficulty in promoting disturbances which may furnish a pretext for intervention. The war which is still nominally carried on by the natives against the invaders may linger on for years. JUAREZ still reigns as President over some of the provinces,

and COMONFORT and DOBLADO are at large, with facilities for giving trouble if they are not bought by the French. As no person seriously believes that the Mexicans have any voice in the new arrangement, it is immaterial to inquire whether they prefer a monarchy or a republic. Perhaps their politicians and generals may already look forward with pleasure to a contest in which two foreign Powers may hereafter bid against one another for native support.

It is evident that no Mexican Government, even with the aid of a French contingent, could stand against the undivided power of the Federal States. As the Emperor NAPOLEON must be fully aware of the inequality of force, it is naturally supposed that he is prepared to form an offensive and defensive alliance with the Southern Confederacy. A French navy and a Confederate army would render Mexico invulnerable even to the utmost efforts of the North; and as Spain would probably join the league for the protection of Cuba, the direct support of France might perhaps be almost superfluous. Yet it would be rash to anticipate that the French EMPEROR will, under any circumstances, pursue the most direct course. It is known that French agents have been intriguing in Texas, and it is not impossible that hopes may be entertained of the recovery of Louisiana. Recent events have suggested the possibility that Texas may be conquered by the Federal armies, now that the Mississippi forms a barrier between the Eastern and Western portions of the Confederacy. On the whole, however, the EMPEROR will probably think it better to provide Mexico with an ally than to extend his own conquests. If he has determined to recognise the Confederacy, he will not be unlikely to wait until more decisive reverses compel the Southern Government to accept any terms which he may dictate. His deputy on the throne of Mexico will be in serious danger if the Federal flag once more floats on the left bank of the Rio Grande; but until the peril is imminent, France will probably temporize, and the Federal Americans will not, for the present, be eager to precipitate the contest.

INDIA.

THE last mail from India brought the announcement that the system according to which the uncovenanted members of the Civil Service are to receive their pensions has been settled and promulgated. This does not seem very exciting news, and its interest for most readers will scarcely surpass that of the stereotyped telegram about shirtings and twist, which seem to be somehow always dull. But this measure, simple and unambitious as it is, may be taken as a type of the provisions by which we are consolidating our hold over India. There is nothing romantic, nor is there anything which will greatly affect our relations to the natives, in this awarding of proper pensions to those who have served us. But it is only fair that the Hindoo who does his work should have something to retire on in old age, just as his white superior has; and every little act of justice is a prop to the British Empire in India. We rule there, in the first place, by physical strength, by our ability to put down those who rise against us, and also by our being in a position to protect India from being made the battle-field of contending European races. We have beaten every Asiatic Power that has opposed us in India, and we have a supremacy there with which no European Power thinks seriously of interfering. But although physical force is the first foundation of our Government, it is not the only one. We have a hold on the minds of the natives—a hold which we have secured very slowly, and which is still very imperfect, but which nevertheless saves us from reigning merely by terror. It is not the hold of affection, for the natives do not love us; nor is it the hold of intellectual superiority, for the natives do not really imbibe the thoughts of Western Europe. It is the hold that is gained by doing justice. The natives think we can be depended on. They find out by experience that, if a thing is obviously fair and right, it is sooner or later done by the English, and that there are principles of government from which the English will not depart. Nothing could be less after the pattern of such governments as are known to Asiatics, to whom bounty and generosity are familiar, but who see in ruling little more than an opportunity of indulging caprice. That natives should be employed to do the petty work of the Civil Service, to hold the courts in which Europeans would find it too dirty and dull to sit, and to adjudge suits for a few rupees between miserable, hot, unsavoury disputants, was a mere necessity of our position in India. But that we should not only pay these humble servants a fair price, but acknowledge that they, like Europeans, have a claim to a pension when they can work no

longer, is one of those strange facts which inspire the natives with a belief that we really are of a superior order to anything else they have known; and that, if we went or were driven away, there would go with us something which India would bitterly regret, and might never see again.

The fancy of poets and enthusiasts has shed a glow over everything Indian. The remoteness, the swarming millions of inhabitants, the tropical scenery, the fame of the great Mahomedan Sovereigns and their Courts, have all served as elements in the composition of a hazy but gorgeous picture. Even after he returned from the East, and had tasted the disappointing experience of a personal knowledge of Calcutta, Lord MACAULAY could still speak of India as of a land of delight, which men of the highest ability would thirst to govern, and to which youths of the most splendid promise would eagerly flock, if an opening were given them. The bright vision of the missionary bringing his millions of perishing souls into the fold, and laying the precious jewel of a converted India at the door of the Church of his country, still animates the breasts of a few who can feel as HEBER felt, and still appears in the traditional phrases of the presidents of missionary meetings in England. More secular dreamers, who think of constitutional and not of religious triumphs, have woven for their pleasure a brilliant fabric of hope, in which they see portrayed that glorious day when England shall bid a graceful farewell to the land she has saved and civilized, and shall commit the government of a peaceful, united, and prosperous India to a Parliament of native educated gentlemen. There is a truth in all this poetry, as there is in all the poetry which gives a splendour to daily life. But, as a matter of fact, India, and its inhabitants, and its affairs are in the last degree prosaic. We can only do a little there, and cannot do it very well. Our successes are the successes of a slow and intermittent progress, not the successes of a sweeping and magnificent conquest. The English who go to India are not very able or very full of great thoughts. They are for the most part honourable, well-meaning, second-rate boys, who are guided principally by the calculation that India is a little better than a curacy, and who leave home supported by the knowledge that, by the time they are forty-five, they may have the great happiness of bidding goodbye to India altogether. A competence, bought at a high price of domestic misery, is the reality which corresponds to the crown of honour, and glory, and wealth which the imagination of Lord MACAULAY swung before the eyes of the ambitious youth of England. The religious side of India is equally prosaic. There are no wholesale conversions—none of the miraculous successes, reported or fabled, of XAVIER—no splendid triumph of Protestantism. Things go on very soberly in the India of real life. The bishops are almost entirely occupied in setting a decent example to the governing race, and in preventing or hushing up clerical scandals. The native mind does not seem to have any place or longing for a new religion. If there is any success of Christian teaching in India, certainly the success of Romanism among the half-castes is among the most noticeable. What is done of a real and permanent sort by Protestants is the patient, slow work of schools and stations, which do unquestionably produce some valuable results, although on a tiny scale, and although both the teachers and the taught remain like a little flock of neglected aliens among the mass of a contemptuous and indifferent population. The natives, too, are a long way from their Parliament at present. Their education goes on very slowly, and their extraordinary dexterity in catching the outside of European civilization acts as a positive hindrance to their penetrating to the kernel of European thought. We have found one or two natives sufficiently enlightened and instructed to be safely promoted to a high judicial office, and we can without difficulty get native occupants of the lowest judicial posts. The natives, too, with their indomitable patience, their power of imitation, and their love for penmanship, make the best clerks in the world. But that is all; and the real assimilation of the native to the European mind can scarcely be said to have begun.

But, as a general rule, it is only results that are poetical, and the processes that lead to results are almost always prosaic. In the course of a century or two we may have effected things in India of which poets may delight to sing. Meanwhile, the small prosaic work we are doing may be considered satisfactory, if it is judged by the ordinary standard of human imperfection. We do not know that there could be any better system of general government than that established; and if we see any imperfection in it to regret, we can at least congratulate ourselves on having, for the present, escaped the danger of having India governed by a clamorous clique of Calcutta politicians. The members of the Civil Service elected under the new

system are not very clever, or very promising, or very exceptional in any way. But there are unquestionably some young men of great ability among them. We observe that the candidate who was first in the preliminary examination of last year was also first in the final examination of this year; and so far as examinations can be taken as signs of the ability to govern or to hold high office, this success, which is only a repetition of what has occurred in former years, shows that there are some members of the Civil Service who are men of indisputable power. The Civil Service, too, has traditions, and a sense of honour and justice, and a pervading spirit of good feeling, which make the system better than the worst of those who work it, and prevent any great harm accruing from weak or unsympathetic agents. It was this that enabled the Service to stand those deplorable ruins of mind and body which Haileybury occasionally sent to India in the old days of nomination. And it is to this that we may confidently look to absorb the less promising elements of the present body—the wild Irishmen from Papist seminaries, the pedantic Puritans of Scotland, and the smug sons of Dissenting tradesmen. If the system is worth anything, it will be able to make something of these materials, and will get useful work on reasonable principles out of men who have begun under these disadvantages. So, again, although the natives do not much care for our religion, and mimic rather than imbibe our education, we are doing something towards improving them. Centuries may roll away before the Hindoos are what Western Europe would call Christians; but there is every probability that in a comparatively short time we shall have done something to effect two changes which appear to be the necessary antecedents of any great religious or moral improvement. We shall have shaken the system of caste to its foundation, and we shall have raised the condition and bettered the social position of the women. In the same way, it will be long before we admit natives to any offices which would give their holders an independent and effectual control over Europeans; but we shall gradually prepare the native occupants of office to respect us and to respect themselves; and every measure of justice like the bestowal of pensions is a step in the upward direction.

RAILWAY MURDERS.

THE truth of our remarks on the Lynn and Hunstanton Railway "slaughter" has been more than confirmed by the evidence given before the coroner's inquests. The jury in the case of the five victims who perished on the spot has given a verdict which, from the technical phraseology necessary, we suppose, in such matters, is contradictory. The death of the victims is "accidental"—only it is caused by "the gross negligence of the authorities of the Great Eastern Railway and their officers." That is to say, there is no accident in the case. It is only an accident when something happens against which no ordinary human care and foresight can provide. An accident caused by gross negligence is a contradiction in terms. Homicide is the lowest expression which can characterize the carelessness of the Directors. Through the blundering appeal of their advocate they admit this. The Boetian gentleman who represented the Company on the occasion implored the jury "not to send their own townsmen and neighbours away from the Court with the imputation of 'blood upon their hands.'" This sentimental appeal to neighbourly feelings failed in its object, and the attempt to get the jury to disregard their oaths and their duty, in the interests of good fellowship, broke down. The jury unhesitatingly did impute blood to their fellow-townsmen and neighbours. The authorities seem to have exhausted every variety of mismanagement. The line was improperly and inadequately fenced from its very first opening, and the fences, always insufficient, were absolutely useless in the dry season. There was neglect in not driving the bullock off the line after he was observed—neglect in not having a sufficient staff to communicate, or to be communicated with, when the impending accident was foreseen—and neglect in entrusting the lives of the passengers to a carriage so frail and crazy that it crumbled in the hand like touchwood. Perhaps it was from a wish not to swell the bill of indictment that the jury passed over the grave error—common as it is to all railway traffic, and, as it seems, inevitable in the case of excursion trains—of despatching two trains within the interval of fifteen minutes. But whatever was the cause of the jury's omission of any reference to this peculiarity and necessity of the excursion traffic system, we are surprised that the point was not adverted to. It seems a cardinal one to the whole

inquiry. The offending bullock was noticed. It was, according to the engine-driver's own evidence, his duty "to report such things, and to convey to the coming train, by means of signal, that there was an obstruction on the line, but he had not time to do so, the other train following so quick;" and "when he got to Lynn there was no one to report to." In other words, the trains were too close together, and the staff was inadequate. By a pleonasm of securities against any warning, there was, in the first place, nobody to warn, and in the next, all warning would have been useless. The precautions against the security of the train were complete, and every avenue of escape was barred. Ample care was taken that the excursionists should have every chance against them, and not even an accidental opportunity for safety in their favour.

There is a simplicity in the evidence given about the theory of fencing a railway in a fen country which, if it is not to be attributed to official impudence, is, or under other circumstances would be, almost entertaining by its solid and stolid stupidity. "On the Lynn and Ely line no fences besides ditches are put at all." It never seems to have entered into the imagination of engineers and inspectors that a ditch full of water in an oozy autumn, when this line was opened, and which actually retains a depth of water throughout the spring, can by any possibility be laid dry in August, after a fine summer. The Norfolk theory of fencing is, once a wet ditch always a wet ditch. The evaporation of stagnant water is a phenomenon which has never been observed by the natural philosophers of the fens. It is a new fact to dwellers in marsh-land that a ditch can get dry. Their practice, we are bound to say, does justice to their theoretical views. The habits of the ox, like the nature of water, are, of course, unknown in those parts; but although the farmers have constantly enlightened all parties concerned in the management of the railway as to the fact that bullocks, and lambs, and horses are ever and anon to be seen expatiating between the rails—and although the clergyman of the parish, meditating like ISAAC at eventide, has constantly watched these erratic and inquisitive cattle, and has even ventured to prophesy the coming woe—still all that the "sub-inspector of permanent way" could do, after having by letter been informed, as a fact, that bullocks were in the habit of getting on the line, was to "go down to the place on Monday morning," and to "think that a bullock could not get over the fence without breaking it." There is a *naïveté* about this which is charming. The man is told that the oxen do get over the fence. He goes down, and profoundly ponders on the nature of oxen, and then concludes to "think" that they cannot get over without breaking it, and is satisfied. He does no more. He thinks the fence is sufficient, or, if it is not, it ought to be. The bullocks not only think it is insufficient, but prove its insufficiency after a practical though headlong and ox-like fashion. So much the worse for the bullocks, as GEORGE STEPHENSON remarked; but so much the worse also for all the people killed and the dozen wounded in this testing experiment of Mr. Sub-Inspector of Permanent Way's general views of bovine capabilities of getting over a rail or a ditch. The authorities, of course, take great credit for the fence which they are now putting up. It consists of strong iron wire and good thick posts. We have no doubt that it is a most efficient guard; and we have no doubt that it was a CHUBB'S lock with all the improvements that was put on the stable-door, in the proverb, after the steel was stolen. The ingenuous gentleman whose thoughts on the habits of bullocks led him to "think" that his reflections on that subject were superior to the farmers' actual facts and experience, stands as a pendant to his brother official, the engineer who constructed the line, and who "never supposed that in a marshy country the ditches could be dry." And so between them, because one gentleman could not have believed it possible that an ox could get over a fence, and because the other could not have believed it possible that a ditch could ever become dry in a hot summer, they have aided and abetted in the slaughter and maiming of little less than a score of people.

But all these matters—the ox, and the ditch, and the qualities of fencing—do not constitute the speciality of the Hunstanton accident. These things might have been on any line, or might have occurred in the case of ordinary traffic. Obliquely, the excursion management is censured in that clause of the jury's verdict which remarks on the negligence committed in "not putting the bullock off the line," because the bullock was not put off by reason of the closeness of the trains and the inefficiency of the staff; but it is in their third finding that the Hunstanton jurors most strongly and directly condemn

what we may call the principle of the excursionist business. It consists, apparently, in using up any rotten old stock for this exceptional traffic. Anything is thought good enough for third-class passengers. The details of the catastrophe are instructive. The engine knocked over the ox, and then cleared the carcass, coming down safe on the rails again. The first-class carriages did pretty much the same, and they managed to do this because they were strongly built, solid, and compact. But when it came to the third-class carriages, which were towards the end of the train, where the lateral motion is of course increased, they were jerked off the line; and being composed of wood absolutely rotten, they were instantly knocked to shivers. Captain TYLER seems to lay it down that, in the event of a smash, a strong carriage is a security to the inmates. In other words, a strong, stiff, padded first-class carriage can stand severer treatment than a loose shambling packing-case which is used for the poorer passengers; and although, perhaps, third-class passengers have not a right to ask for the spring cushions and padded linings which the high-fare passengers find not only so comfortable, but so necessary in the moment of disaster, yet surely the poor may demand at least sound timber in their carriages. If the difference of strength in carriages is at any time, in the case of accident, a matter of life and death—and if the most serious collision is generally unattended with consequences absolutely destructive of life to the passengers, provided only the carriages are not broken up—it must be obvious to all but railway directors that to send out, under any circumstances, a carriage the timbers of which crumble in the hand, which it was sworn those in the Hunstanton carriage did, is little short of premeditated murder. If three carriages escape scathless, and if in one carriage a score of people are injured, and if it is found that the three carriages are strong and the one carriage is weak, there can be no question that the weakness of the carriage is the cause of death. This is what the jury stigmatize as the disgraceful state of the carriages. The offender is the notorious Eastern Counties Railway, which was to turn over a new leaf when it assumed a new name. The Great Eastern Company work the Lynn and Hunstanton branch line, and they work it in this seemingly way. The line is a branch line, leading to a watering place. To this East Anglian *Baie* the Great Eastern authorities invite the rustic population by getting up monster excursion trains. The fares are doubtless low, and this is what the Company's advocate means by his appeal to the "healthy recreation" topic. But, to make the low fares pay, all the old worn-out carriages, and rotten tenders, and perhaps ricketty engines of the whole line, are put in requisition; and of course the poorest excursionists fare worst. The carriage had not been sent to Stratford for repairs, but the clergyman of the parish "could crumble pieces of it with 'his hand.'" The case is, as against the Company, complete. All that remains is to add to the censure of the Coroner's Inquest that practical and impressive commentary which the actions for compensation to the representatives of the killed, and to the survivors of "the accident," will one day read, if not to directors, at least to shareholders.

AMERICA.

IN the midst of their reverses, the Confederates will probably find consolation and hope in the proclamation of the Mexican Empire. The task of overthrowing the effete Republic had, as they hoped, been reserved for themselves; but in their present position, a French alliance will be worth more than any acquisition of territory. The Southern States have the means of contributing so effectually to the defence of Mexico that they might negotiate almost on equal terms for the assistance of France. The prospect of foreign support will animate them in their struggle against the advancing legions of the North, and furnish them with an additional encouragement to make a resolute resistance at Charleston. General LEE, moreover, remains in the field at the head of a still powerful army, and appears to have resumed his former position, whence he is able both to menace Washington and to protect Richmond. General BRAGG, who was said to have retired from Chattanooga on the approach of ROSENCRANZ, has since been reported as having his head-quarters still at that place; and it is further stated that General JOHNSTONE, having received large reinforcements from BRAGG, is fortifying Meridian and the Ohio and Mobile railroad for the defence of Mobile. On the other hand, the parts of Western Louisiana which the Confederates had reoccupied during the siege of Port Hudson have once more passed under the domi-

nion of the Northern Government. It is not improbable that the next effort of General BANKS will be directed to the conquest of Texas. The numerous German inhabitants of the State are hostile to slavery, and therefore they are probably inclined to rejoin the Union. The majority of the population is loyal to the Southern cause; but its numbers are scanty, and since the loss of the Mississippi, the State is cut off from communication with the greater part of the Confederacy. The vicinity of Mexico and the rumoured designs of France will direct the attention of the Federal Government to Texas, and New Orleans supplies a convenient base for aggressive operations. Galveston has already been for a time in the possession of the Federal forces, and it might perhaps be easily retaken by a naval expedition. The chief difficulty of an invasion would consist in the vast spaces which an army must necessarily traverse.

The Federal victories and the New York riots have, for the moment, discredited the Democratic party. If a conflict arises between the State authorities in New York and the central Government, it is uncertain whether popular opinion will acquiesce in the suppression of local independence. Governor SEYMOUR may be unable to resist the encroachments of Washington, if opposition is regarded as an impediment to the successful progress of the war. The City Council of New York has, perhaps, devised the most effective mode of baffling the draft, by voting an illegal grant for the discharge of needy conscripts. M. OPDYKE, the Republican Mayor, proves that the Corporation has no right to raise money for the purpose of defeating the law, but the representatives of the New York rabble know that they have provided an excuse for resisting the draft, and a plausible pretext for another riot. If the Irish labourers discovered a grievance in the purchased exemption of the wealthier classes, they will not be disposed to acquiesce in the rejection of a tender of three hundred dollars per head on their own behalf, even though the law may have been violated in the process of raising the money. Their unfortunate victims, the negroes, are—in profession at least—more loyal, although, as Mr. LINCOLN informed them some months ago, they owe little gratitude to the Union. If fine words could frighten the Southern armies, the free coloured population have proved that even American rhetoric admits of additional inflation by African lungs. Their leaders and their preachers may possibly be sincere in exhorting the negro race to win in the field the equality which has been systematically denied them in civil life; but it is highly improbable that coloured patriotism should extend beyond grandiloquent professions. The semi-servile population has neither military aptitude nor sufficient motive for fighting. The free negroes of the North are sufficiently intelligent to know that their services will be despised even when they are accepted. The liberated slaves of the South may possibly be made more available; and the Confederates themselves are threatening, in turn, to bring a negro army into the field. To foreigners, the experiment seems dangerous; but the social relations of the South are still imperfectly understood.

General MORGAN's desperate incursion into Ohio, ending in his defeat and capture, can only be explained on the assumption that it was intended as a diversion during General LEE's campaign beyond the Potomac. General BURNSIDE, who ought to understand the bearing of military movements on political combinations, asserts, with questionable accuracy, that General MORGAN only intended to influence the forthcoming elections. It might have been supposed that the plunder of their homesteads would not incline the voters of Ohio to prefer the candidates who are supposed to favour the cause of the South, nor is it altogether improbable that General MORGAN may have succeeded in excluding Mr. VALLANDIGHAM from the Governor's seat. Whatever may be the value of General BURNSIDE's speculations, his own plan for securing freedom of election is simple and effective. Having proclaimed martial law in Kentucky, he instructs the officers, and even the judges, to take care that no disloyal citizen—or, in other words, no member of the Democratic party—shall be allowed to vote. The same plan has been already tried with partial success in Maryland and in Louisiana, and it involves the elements of a fiction which may hereafter be found useful in the administration of territory conquered from the South. In States which are wholly or partially attached to the Union, direct interference with the electoral privileges of the party which happens to be in opposition may prove a dangerous experiment. General BURNSIDE has already done his employers the service of giving importance to Mr. VALLANDIGHAM. If he undertakes the conduct of the elections in the North-Western States, he may prove himself

a PERSIGNY on a small scale, and may provoke even American long-suffering into the vindication of constitutional rights. For the present, he may perhaps safely assume that all excesses of power will be tolerated, in the hope that a strong Government may succeed in terminating the war.

The frequent rumours of unfriendly communications addressed by Mr. SEWARD to the English Government are probably still premature. It is not at the moment when the subjugation of the South is confidently expected that it will be gratuitously rendered impossible by forcing England into an alliance with the Confederacy. A rupture at present would save Charleston, it would open Wilmington and Mobile, and it would probably transfer the blockade to the Federal ports. It is when the PRESIDENT and his advisers find themselves involved in hopeless embarrassment that the knot will perhaps be cut by a declaration of war against England. The failure of the conscription, the assertion of independence by the State of New York, the approaching meeting of a hostile Congress, might induce Mr. SEWARD to play the card which he has long held in reserve. The *Alabama*, the *Alexandra*, the CHIEF BARON's judgment, and the language of the press, would furnish a sufficient excuse for a quarrel which was thought in itself desirable. A war with England would be a better excuse than CALEB BALDERSTONE's fire for any past or future shortcoming. If the Confederates were not thoroughly beaten, if the restoration of the Union was finally abandoned, the foreign war would explain the necessity of employing elsewhere all the energies of the Government. Hopes also would be entertained of obtaining in Canada a territorial equivalent for the States on the Mexican Gulf. The danger is serious, though not immediate, and it is scarcely in the power of England to avert it, although conscientious perseverance in neutrality may deprive the Federalists of a plausible excuse. Nineteenth of the popular declamation against England may perhaps be empty and insincere, but a feeling of rancour is at the bottom of the endless flow of malignant language. If war should break out, it will be, on the American side, the most deliberately wicked aggression which has been attempted by any modern nation.

POLAND.

THE direct accounts from the theatre of war or insurrection in Poland are of doubtful authenticity and secondary importance. A second expedition from Galicia has been easily repulsed; the Poles claim several petty victories; and the Russian generals report that Lithuania is reduced to peace or to silence. It is evident, not for the first time, that the only hope of the insurgents is in foreign aid, and that the object of their present struggle is to keep the contest alive until Europe or France converts an unequal and desperate conflict into a regular war. The answer which must be given to their demand for assistance is the subject of the most perplexing anxiety. Plausible objections may be raised to any course of action, as well as to the simple policy of abstinence; nor is any thoroughly satisfactory result to be anticipated either from intervention or from neutrality. The prolongation of the diplomatic correspondence merely serves to adjourn the difficulty. In his second despatch to the Russian Ambassador in Paris, as well as in his former communication, Prince GORTSCHAKOFF steadily declines the conference and the armistice which had been proposed by England, by France, and by Austria. The advocates of peace may argue, with much force, that there is no sufficient cause for a rupture; but they are unable to point to a single concession on the part of Russia. If the suggestions of the English Government were intended only as friendly advice, they have been summarily rejected; if they embodied a claim of right, it must be either abandoned or enforced by more intelligible methods. Lord PALMERSTON has more than once defined with sufficient accuracy the relations of England to Russia and Poland under the Treaty of Vienna. There is a limited right of interference to be exercised at discretion, as it involves no corresponding duty. The question, however, arises whether the communications which have already passed may not have created an honourable obligation to Poland, or an implied pledge of co-operation with France and with Austria; and it is also necessary to inquire whether the interest of England requires the prosecution of the enterprise, although it might be abandoned without discredit. The uncertainty which now oppresses the minds of all serious politicians may be distinctly traced in the varying language both of Ministers and of Parliamentary speakers. Some months ago, Lord RUSSELL warned Baron BRUNNOW that the pacific intentions of England might perhaps hereafter be modified by

unforeseen circumstances. At a later period, he was understood to announce, in answer to Lord GREY, that the Government would in no contingency go to war on behalf of Poland. The statement, however, was disavowed by Mr. GLADSTONE and by Lord PALMERSTON, and it was afterwards retracted or explained away by Lord RUSSELL himself. It was obviously prudent to retain full liberty of action, and the experience of 1853 has shown the inexpediency of combining disclaimers of warlike purposes with diplomatic remonstrances.

The best excuse for the apparent vacillation of the Government is to be found in the inherent difficulty of the question, as indicated by the embarrassment and uncertainty of general opinion. As in all great political decisions, the country at large will ultimately determine the important issue of peace or war. The Ministers have judged rightly in framing a separate despatch to Lord NAPIER, instead of joining with France in an identical note. Joint action, even if it should be ultimately thought expedient, is at present obviously premature; and so long as there is a hope of avoiding war, it is undesirable to adopt the language of an ally who is professedly less solicitous for the maintenance of peace. Some weeks may perhaps elapse before the receipt of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's final answer renders it necessary to take some decisive step, or to withdraw from the controversy; but before the end of the autumn, the Government will be compelled to choose between conflicting reasons and motives. The arguments in favour of peace are numerous and weighty, and they may be summed up in the simple proposition that there is no absolute necessity for war. England has no desire to weaken or to injure Russia, and the selfishness, as it is called by foreigners, of attending to her own affairs, is based on conviction as well as on inclination. As interference on behalf of Poland was not deemed obligatory before the commencement of the present insurrection, no imperative duty can have been entailed on England by any act of the insurgents. The cruelties of generals like MOURAVIEFF justify the deepest indignation; but it is not the province of Governments to redress the wrongs which may be perpetrated in all parts of the world, nor is it expedient to create a precedent of foreign interference with any established Government. Half America ignorantly believes, and the other half impudently asserts, that Ireland, notwithstanding its unbounded freedom, is more tyrannically governed than Poland; and aid afforded to the Polish insurrection may at some future time be quoted as an excuse for a foreign invasion to redress the supposed wrongs of Ireland.

The question is singularly complicated by the peculiar position of France. For the first time since the re-establishment of the Empire, French opinion is eager and unanimous in favour of a foreign war; and there is reason to believe that hearty and effective concert would largely tend to remove the hostile jealousy with which England is habitually regarded. The French are well aware that concurrence in their Polish sympathies is checked by suspicion and dislike of their projects of territorial aggrandisement. The seizure of Savoy, and more especially of Nice, has left behind incurable distrust; and the advocates of war for Poland scarcely conceal their intention of seeking compensation by the acquisition of the left bank of the Rhine. As the official pamphleteer lately hinted, Jena preceded Friedland; or, in other words, Prussia is more easily plundered than Russia of territories which lie convenient for France. It is said that the popular clamour against England has never been more bitter than at present; nor are the French mistaken in their belief that the restoration of Poland would be regarded as an insufficient equivalent for the dismemberment of Germany. They will also do well to remember that Englishmen are not yet prepared to acknowledge the supremacy which is ostentatiously affected by the organs of the French Government. NAPOLEON III. can scarcely suppose that the anonymous interpreters of his secret policy are well advised in assuming that their Sovereign was the sole author and conductor of the former Russian war. The Imperial or revolutionary fustian which may flatter French vanity is little calculated to secure English support. It may be left for non-official historians to discover that it was from regard to Poland, and not through exorbitant ambition, that NAPOLEON I. "compromised the territory of the Great-
"People and lost his crown." The Great-
"People, or the French people standing on stilts, towers above English sympathy and comprehension.

The probable or possible designs of France may, to a certain extent, be regarded as reasons for forming an alliance which would involve guarantees against projects of spoliation. Before the Crimean war, England and France bound themselves by reciprocal agreements to abstain from any acquisition of territory, and at this

moment there would be no difficulty in obtaining a similar pledge as a condition of common action. Austria would willingly join with England in demanding satisfactory guarantees for the dominions of the German Confederation, and, indeed, there can be no doubt that, at their approaching interview, the German Princes will unanimously bind themselves to resist any attempt at encroachment on the part of France. If the three Powers were agreed on the expediency of intervening on behalf of Poland, it is doubtful whether Russia could offer any prolonged resistance. The participation of England would be justified by the letter of the Treaty of Vienna, and by the danger which Russian misgovernment occasions to the peace of Europe and to the balance of power. The perplexed condition of affairs furnishes the most convincing proof that the risks and evils of the Polish question are by no means imaginary. The restless state of France and the imminence of war are directly attributable to the misconduct of Russia.

AMERICAN MONEY MATTERS.

THE statement recently issued of the position of the United States Treasury on the 1st of July is, no doubt, extremely satisfactory to Mr. CHASE and his friends; and, if its figures are to be trusted, it is in the highest degree creditable to the skill with which the Minister has contrived to extract the sinews of war from a people who, after abandoning so many other cherished traditions, still object to give up their prejudice against the payment of taxes. Mr. CHASE has never been convicted of publishing figures which could be proved to be false; and, although there are no means of checking the amounts which he sets against the various descriptions of loans, a nominally responsible Minister must be supposed to adhere to truth until the contrary is proved. But there are some peculiarities in this last account which justify a little suspicion of its entire accuracy. When Mr. CHASE, at the close of 1862, was estimating the present and prospective liabilities of his country, he was careful to include the estimated amount of monies due on current account to soldiers, sailors, contractors, and workmen. It is not suggested that these outstanding bills had been paid up more closely in July than in December; but, in the account now rendered of the debt of the Federal Government, no allowance is made for what cannot be an inconsiderable item. If the casual reports of newspaper correspondents are to be trusted, the amount of this omission cannot be less than 30,000,000*l.*—a sum which is not only large in itself, but quite appreciable when compared with the alleged total debt, which is said to be 200,000,000*l.* The motive for this rather transparent piece of cookery is also palpable on the face of the account. In December, Mr. CHASE had predicted that the debt of all kinds would amount in July to rather more than 200,000,000*l.*; and it was a great triumph to be able to announce that the actual figures supplied by experience coincided with the estimate within 5,000,000*l.*, and that even that error was on the right side.

Yet, even after allowing some twenty or thirty millions sterling for the omitted item, the feat which has been performed, assuming the figures to be trustworthy, is very remarkable. A year ago, the Federal States had raised, in the form of regular loans, about 40,000,000*l.*, and in Certificates of Indebtedness, 16,000,000*l.* more. There was no great difficulty in swelling the amount of these I.O.U.'s, as contractors could always be found, at some price or other, to take payment in any shape. It is, therefore, not at all surprising that another 16,000,000*l.* has been added to the total of the Certificate debt. But the regular loans have increased during the last twelvemonth from forty to eighty-three millions, and at first sight it certainly does seem astonishing that so large a credit should have been commanded. At the beginning of the year, very few persons would have believed it possible that so large a sum could be raised, and Mr. CHASE deserves all the honour which belongs to a Minister who displays an unusual power of involving his country in boundless liabilities. The large loans which he raised were, however, altogether inadequate to cover the public expenditure, which was estimated at 100,000,000*l.*, and was no one can say how much. The ultimate resource was, of course, the issue of more paper money; but, even in this, the same skill or the same luck has saved Mr. CHASE from the immediate consequences of the hazardous expedient. In July, 1862, there were 33,000,000*l.* of greenbacks afloat. In July, 1863, the paper currency comprises 76,000,000*l.* of the larger notes, and 4,000,000*l.* of the postage-stamp currency. In the face of this increase, the premium on gold is

not much higher than it was with less than half the paper circulation, and very far below the point which was reached after the disasters of the spring campaigns. It is curious to inquire how these results have been brought about. We need not say that the American theory, that Mr. CHASE can by some legerdemain neutralise the operation of economical laws, will not satisfy English observers. If the natural value of a gold dollar were a dollar and a half of paper money, the laws that were passed to hamper gold speculations, and the skilful manipulation of a considerable reserve of bullion which is still kept in the Treasury, would never bring down the premium to a permanent rate of 20 or 30 per cent. Something may be done by rigging the market to prevent a sudden speculative depression; but whether the minor fluctuations are large or small, the average price must be regulated by the amount of the currency compared with the demand which commerce makes upon it. Indeed, we see that the notes have been doubled in quantity without any apparent increase in depreciation; and it is a fact that requires some more satisfactory explanation than marvellous stories of the dexterity of Mr. CHASE's broker. The same may be said of the success with which bonds have been placed at times when a public issue to any considerable amount would have been an utter failure. Certainly Mr. CHASE does seem to have accomplished a very marvellous feat, and distressed financiers would do well to study his ingenious tactics. The precise history of the growth of the debt, of which the total is officially announced, would no doubt completely solve the mystery; but the order and the extent of many of the operations are not disclosed, and any speculation on the real cause of a startling financial phenomenon must be more or less conjectural.

The method by which the large amount of upwards of 40,000,000*l.* of bonds was got out was simple enough. The loan was not a voluntary, but a compulsory operation. No one, it is true, was forced to contribute gold in exchange for United States' securities, but the bonds were issued on terms which made them decidedly preferable to greenbacks, and the absorption of the permanent security was effectually stimulated by limiting a time after which no more notes would be received at par in exchange for bonds. The fear of being left with a large stock of notes liable to unlimited depreciation by future issues was enough, in the gloomy months of last winter and spring, to create an active demand for bonds, and by the same operation to check the increase of the redundant currency. Still we have it as a fact, that notwithstanding the amount absorbed in the purchase of bonds, the remaining circulation is doubled without any corresponding increase in the premium on gold. It will probably be found that this circumstance is due to the concurrent operation of several causes, some of which it is easy to indicate. In the first place, the growing operations of the war have created an amount of business which absolutely requires a larger circulation than the most extended commerce in times of peace. Cash transactions must have multiplied in a season of uncertainty and in a country of greenbacks, and have taken the place of the credit dealings which are usual among merchants. Many of the daily adjustments of trade are probably effected with bank notes, which in other times would have been settled by bills of exchange or entries in account. In other words, the demand for currency has increased, as it always does tend to increase, during war or internal commotion. This will explain why the premium on gold has not fully kept pace with the issue of notes, though it can scarcely be thought to give an adequate account of the large discrepancy which has manifested itself. Another cause appears also to have been in operation. By one of the Acts of the last Session of Congress, a tax was imposed on the issues of private banks, and although no authentic accounts have been transmitted of the extent to which the circulation of local notes has been diminished, it is not unlikely that the large increase in the Federal currency may coincide with a very trifling augmentation of the total paper circulation. If the private notes were withdrawn as fast as the national paper was increased, there would be no marvel in the sustained value of the greenbacks. In other respects, the fluctuations of the market have responded with much regularity to the causes in operation from time to time. At the beginning of the financial year, an issue of thirty millions suffered a depreciation which varied from fifteen to twenty per cent., according to the influence of the military news from day to day. Up to last spring, the circulation was rapidly growing, the machinery for forcing an exchange of notes for five-twenty bonds not having then been brought fully into operation. At the same time, a series of defeats weighed upon the market, and probably exaggerated the natural depreciation.

Since that period it is not at all improbable that notes have been absorbed in exchange for permanent bonds, nearly as fast as they have been issued; and under the influence of military successes, and the temporary demand for currency created by renewed activity and hope, it is intelligible that the premium should have receded to a point not very remote from that at which it stood when the total issues of the Federal notes were so much less. These explanations do not in any way detract from Mr. CHASE's merits; indeed, they tend to show that the present recovery is in great part due to the sagacity of his measures. But they may serve to dispel the fancy that great permanent effects upon a circulation of eighty millions can be produced by juggling in the market; and they may check the extravagant expectations which seem to be entertained by the more eager champions of the Federal cause, that the ordinary laws of human action will suspend their operation in favour of the Stars and Stripes, and allow an astute Minister to enjoy the privilege of issuing an unlimited amount of money without over-supplying a limited market.

DESTRUCTIVE AND CONSTRUCTIVE THEORIES.

IF it was not Coleridge who first insisted on the truth that purely destructive theories and philosophies will not satisfy the human mind, and that a system to be permanently successful must be constructive, it was he who impressed a belief in this opinion on the generation of Englishmen now passing away. Perhaps there is no result of Coleridge's teaching which has seemed to his more enthusiastic disciples so true and so prolific of truth in different directions as this; and certainly none has done more to associate the memory of Coleridge with that revival of old things on apparently new bases which has been the most conspicuous feature in the history of English opinion since the Reform Bill. In every shape it has been repeated that man cannot live on denial and unbelief—that he must have something positive to cling to, and something definite to believe. No one now would think of disputing this; but it is a truth which, like many other truths, has a meaning and a value for one generation which it has not for another. Coleridge did not stand alone. It is easy to see that all European thought really rolls in the same direction, and that what Europe wishes to have said is said in different countries under different forms, and then this, in its turn, passes away, and something else is required. So far as it is true, and sometimes in a degree beyond its truth, it is taken up into the general body of thought, and then some other mode of viewing things occupies the attention of the world. It appears to us that the opposition of destructive and constructive theories is now out of date. It had a meaning when the reaction against the scepticism of the eighteenth century was restoring the balance of thought; and this reaction could not express itself in a more persuasive form than that of a general appeal to the undying wants of the mind and soul of man against the speculations of a philosophy which was admirable and highly useful in its way, but had little more to say than that certain things were not true. But now it does not seem natural to us to say that our adversaries have got only destructive theories, and are wrong, while we have constructive theories, and are right. Modern theories are not exactly constructive or destructive. As yet, however, we are only on the edge of that state of opinion in which the contrast has ceased to be worth insisting on. We are still under the influence of those who, in obedience to the spirit which animated Coleridge and many great Continental writers, taught that to hold up a constructive system was the principal task of every thinker. This spirit has, we think, led very considerable writers into great and obvious mistakes. It may have been profitable to England and to Europe to have passed largely under the influence of these men, for this passion for constructing was a protest against the pettiness of merely superficial objections and doubts, and it lent an interest which could perhaps have scarcely been dispensed with, to subjects and opinions that have been worthy to occupy the serious thought of a generation. But it is desirable that we should not omit to note what this antagonism of constructive to destructive theories has led to, and to understand the reasons why the importance once attached to it has grown out of date.

The most remarkable instance of the longing for a constructive theory at any price is Niebuhr's *History of Rome*. Niebuhr demolished the old fabric of Roman history with the greatest ease. His marvellous memory and his great learning aided his practised ingenuity in demonstrating, by a thousand proofs, that the accepted story of events at Rome was not a story of things that had really happened. But a purely destructive investigation suited neither the temper of the man nor that of the age for which he wrote. The true philosopher must destroy only to construct. So Niebuhr proceeded to construct a history of Rome. He seized on two instruments of historical construction, and worked them with indefatigable industry. These two instruments were, boundless guessing and historical parallels. He took up the fragments of Roman history as the old school of editors took up the choruses of a Greek play. Their way was to regard the text before them as if it were the fragments of glass in a kaleidoscope, which must be brought into a pattern by severe shaking. Nor did it lessen the pleasure of the manœuvre to know that, if some one else shook

the machine, the result was perfectly different. Their pattern was a very pretty pattern, and that was all they cared for. Niebuhr, in the same way, shook the fragments of Roman history until they came into a pattern determined by the parallels of modern history which struck his fancy. If nothing else occurred to him to explain the behaviour of consuls and dictators, or to suggest the institutions of the obscurer ages of Rome, he habitually appealed to the "history of my native Ditmarsh." It was the strange privilege of that unknown nook of Germany to reflect exactly what Livy and the Greek historians must have meant to say about the minuter points of Roman antiquities. Accordingly, Niebuhr was able to construct the constitutional history of Rome with quite as much confidence as that with which Hallam could write the constitutional history of England. And so firmly convinced were Niebuhr's contemporaries and immediate successors that it was the first duty of an historian to have a constructive theory, that when Arnold undertook to write a new history of Rome, the first question he asked himself was whether he could construct a better history than Niebuhr had done; and, being honestly of opinion that he could not, he made no pretence of originality, but simply transferred Niebuhr's construction to his pages, merely garnishing it with some additional historical parallels of his own gathering. And it must be allowed that, to a sanguine and ardent mind like that of Arnold, the composition of history derives almost all its pleasure from its being accommodated to a constructive theory. It would have been torture to him to investigate history as Sir George Lewis investigated it, and to admit that where there is no evidence, any assertion must be a guess. And how widely this passion for construction pervades the literary mind of modern Germany is familiar to every one who is even moderately acquainted with German theology. Even the most destructive critics think that a rounded theory is the proper reward of their zeal, and claim the privilege of knowing exactly what happened about everything, and of drawing the most definite conclusions from the vaguest and most shadowy data.

But evidently this pleasing process of construction could not go on for ever. Some one was sure to arise, as Sir George Lewis did, and ask whether the construction rested on any solid ground. Historical parallels and boundless guessing do not permanently satisfy the mind of man any more than destructive theories do. But the wish for construction and the horror of destruction have faded away, not so much because errors in the construction, after it has been accomplished, have been detected, as because we now can scarcely be said either to construct or to destroy. That which presses on us is not the falseness of theories, or the desire for better theories, but the multitudinousness of facts. It is, for example, one fact that there is a common-sense view of things such as was brought into strong relief by the great writers of the eighteenth century, and that this view can never be omitted in any proper conception of human affairs; and it is another fact that there is a mystical and spiritual element in man which will insist on provision being made for it. There is hardly any proposition about the nature and life of man to which we can now assent if it is stated nakedly and absolutely. We have learnt not to separate constitutions and governments from the circumstances under which they exist and have grown up. We are obliged to confess our ignorance at every turn, because we now appreciate the greatness of the questions which the speculative mind tries to solve. The Hegelian philosophy, which asserts that everything both is and is not, only puts in the shape of a metaphysical paradox the conclusions to which men are involuntarily led in a time like the present. We find so much diversity of fact in the world that we are prepared to admit anything that is proved, but we cannot accept statements without evidence. In Roman history, for example, if there is no ground for running up a complicated and ingenious constitutional history, we force ourselves to do without one. When, indeed, we reach the period at which we have many admitted facts, and feel that our errors can only range within certain limits, then we construct a theory which will, we think, comprehend and account for these facts. Mr. Grote, for example, has sketched, from the notices of Thucydides and Aristophanes, a history of Cleon which he supposes to be the true one. If the facts are not put together on some hypothesis, narrative is impossible; and we must know, not only the special authorities, but a vast amount of Greek history and literature, before we venture to pronounce an opinion whether Mr. Grote's Cleon is something like the real Cleon or not. But where we have no evidence, there we now begin to feel we have no opinion; where there is conflicting evidence, we begin to feel we have a doubtful and divided opinion. We teach ourselves to be comfortable without any opinion at all, when we have not the means of forming one. And no habit of mind could be more widely apart from that which led to the formation of constructive theories out of the sheer horror of destructive theories. We simply add up results if we can, knowing that, in many cases, an hypothesis, to be received merely as an hypothesis, must be employed as the engine of addition. If we cannot add up the results of inquiry, we make up our minds to wait till we can.

An older generation would have said that this is mere scepticism. Practically, we know that it is not scepticism, for no word with a seeming aptness could convey less accurately the mental attitude of the present day. It is not scepticism; for, in the first place, the tendency of modern thought is not to say that belief is impossible, but that belief can only follow on a perception of facts, and that it is only to a certain degree and in certain things that we can see

what the facts are. The real difficulty is not to believe, but to combine beliefs. And, in the second place, modern thought is not sceptical, because it clings to that which exists and is established in actual life, in society, and in the institutions of men. That the world cannot wait until philosophers have made up their minds seems a very simple truth, but it is one fertile in meaning. Far from saying that all things are hollow, which is the conclusion of scepticism, the modern world has a strong persuasion that preceding generations have not laboured in vain, that there is a vast amount of wisdom and goodness in that which has been achieved in the civilized world, and that the current of daily life, as it is now seen at its best, flows in the right channel. This acceptance of the world as it is—with its affections, and ties, and occupations, and responsibilities—as a sure rock from which the field of speculation may be leisurely surveyed, with no horror or love of destroying opinions, or constructing them, or of being unable to form them at all, is the cardinal feature of modern thought. This is the key to all that is special in this generation, and that distinguishes it from other generations. Everything that is not in accordance with it is soon swept away and forgotten. And if we choose to fancy that other generations have had a mental attitude that seems nobler, and a task that appeals more vividly to the imagination, still the more we think over the path that lies before us, the more clearly shall we see that it is one which, if he were to go forwards at all, it was high time that man should tread, as it was the only one by which he could escape from a labyrinth of old thoughts and errors which threatened to delay, to hinder, and to bewilder him.

MINOR TRIBULATIONS.

IT is not very easy to understand on what exact principle people are accustomed to measure out their sympathy with the troubles and misfortunes of their neighbours. There are some calamities for which the man whom they have befallen will receive sincere condolence from his friends, while even those in whom it is not sincere will decently feign it. But there are sorrows of another kind, on account of which nobody will sympathize with him, or even pretend to sympathize with him, and for which, in his own mind, he will scarcely venture to expect sympathy; and yet these last may actually be sources of far greater suffering and perturbation than the occurrences which force everybody to assume a graver aspect and a graver tone in addressing or approaching him. The man whose dog was lately destroyed by a foolish old woman for being so thoughtless as to pant in the Dog-days, if he had lost his grandmother at the age of ninety, or his child at the age of one week, would have enjoyed an abundant share of condolence. But when he declares that the fate of his dog has plunged himself and his family into inconsolable affliction, people laugh at him. There is no reason to believe that his grief is in any way either unreal or exaggerated. Nobody would deny that it is quite possible for a man—and, in a still greater degree, for a woman—to suffer genuine pain at the loss of a dog or cat; but nobody dreams of offering condolence on such occasions. Gray did, indeed, compose an ode upon the untimely end of Selina, who was drowned in a bowl of gold-fish, but his motive was probably less to express sympathy with her bereaved mistress than to point the moral that a favourite has no friend. In any case, such sympathy is strikingly exceptional. A provincial hostess whose entertainment has gone off flatly sustains about as much mortification as if her first-born had been attacked by the small-pox; but, in the first case, her neighbours are rather delighted than otherwise, while, in the latter, they have at least as much sympathy as is naturally inspired by the close proximity of an infectious disorder. The same sort of strange inconsistency may be observed with reference to physical pain. If your friend has a headache, you express a becoming sorrow; but let him be suffering all the horrors of Malebolge from a combination of new boots, a hot pavement, and corns, yet you are allowed to remain placidly indifferent. A cynic may say that all sympathy of this kind is purely a matter of convention. We fervently congratulate a poor curate upon the eleventh little stranger with whom his wife has just presented him, though we are very well aware that the little stranger is a source of serious lamentation to the recipient of our hypocritical congratulations. We mourn gravely with the widower, bereaved of a peevish and grumbling wife who never let him enjoy an hour's peace; and we mourn tenderly with the young widow of two and twenty, inconsolable for the loss of her dear departed of eighty. But the fact that sympathy is often given merely because it is customary to express it in certain cases, or on certain occasions, does not affect the observation that those cases and occasions appear not to be settled on any self-evident principle. It would seem as if the bestowal of human sympathy were regulated altogether by the kinds, and not at all by the degrees, of misery. And, moreover, the different kinds are quite incommensurable. No accumulation of misery of one sort can equal, in its claim upon general commiseration, a similar amount of misery of another sort. The loss of ten thousand favourite dogs, or twenty thousand beloved cats, would never be compared with the loss of one aged grandmother. No arithmetical system can ever be devised for discovering a common measure of the amounts of sympathy respectively due to two kinds of grief.

Although general sympathy may well be allowed to overlook all

minor tribulations, yet individuals may probably find it worth while to take them into account. More mischief than is commonly supposed comes of the supercilious neglect with which small miseries are frequently dismissed. The history of some temperaments is a long record of vexations, trifling when taken singly, but overwhelming in their accumulation. A permanently soured disposition may infallibly be engendered by the continuous action of linen invariably over-starched, shirt-buttons always neglected, and trains constantly missed. Most sermons are minor tribulations; and after a man has endured them for many years, they are apt to beget in him an illogical, but not wholly unnatural, aversion to all religious ordinances. Bad servants are, perhaps, the most intolerable of little miseries, because they are chronic, and in a measure unavoidable. But even those which are only transitory are too numerous and too bitter in a phase of existence whose duration is limited to threescore years and ten. A sedulous female correspondent who crosses her letters, a man who bores you with raptures about his angel, stupid parties, and wet pic-nics, are tribulations which may be comparatively minor, but yet fill a grievous space in the average life of man. There are, indeed, some forms of what is unpleasant which occupy a debateable ground, and about whose classification men may differ. Are babies and bad port wine to be set down as merely minor tribulations, or as catastrophes? But differences of this kind can scarcely be held to affect the general truth, that minor tribulations are not less really burdensome because they command less universal sympathy than afflictions which may be profound, but which are frequently very light. For instance, some affliction may often be discovered in the lamentations of bereaved relatives. Even when the lamentations are honest, some natural consolation is found in being, for a day or two at least, an object of attention and fuss. The pomp of crape is a wonderful anodyne. The characteristic feature of a minor tribulation is that the sufferer receives no consolation of this kind. The unlucky reviewer who has been compelled to read Dr. Cumming's *Great Tribulation* does not go into mourning for his time thus wasted, or hear a eulogistic funeral oration over his intellect thus temporarily deceased. He undergoes a bald and sordid misery against which there is no sort of set-off. Of course, if all men were heroes, and lived in a transcendental heaven upon earth, they could afford to neglect minor tribulations—if, indeed, they were conscious of them. If the world generally wagged on heroic principles, such trifles would neither attract nor demand any attention. A philosopher, living with a proper system of final causes ever before his eyes, is naturally indifferent to the little disappointments of weather, friendship, or meals. Still we have met with philosophers, of lofty mien and stoical complexion, who would fall into transports of fury over cold shaving-water or a bad hand at cards. We have known men who would declaim by the hour, in all the raptures of a self-complacent transcendentalism, about the mystic significance of the universe, about the inscrutable destiny of the human soul, about the nothingness of time and the ineffable splendours of eternity, and yet who would use very bad language over an ill-fitting coat, a fractional fall in Consols, or even an underdone potato. A man may, like Philosopher Square, have the noblest views about the abstract fitness of things, and yet not deem it inconsistent with such abstract fitness to run after the maid-servants. And we are not inclined to resort to the doctrine of the natural weakness of man for an explanation of such unedifying falling-away. The weakness is not so much in people's wills as in their theory. A small boy decked in his tall father's garments naturally trips himself up; and we need not be surprised by the constant stumblings of people who clothe themselves in a philosophy that is too big for them. Any philosophy is too big for a man of average moral size, which overlooks the reality and influence of minor tribulations. They are precisely those difficulties by which people are most commonly beset, just as it is the small loose stones on the road, and not the boulders, which bring a horse on his knees. If they are fairly recognised and measured, a man is prepared for them. But when he begins by despising them as unworthy of the notice of an immortal soul, he is tolerably sure to end by exaggerating them as far above, as he formerly depreciated them below, their natural value. The pious deacons of Salem and Ebenezer are supposed to combine a zealous belief in high Calvinistic doctrine with a fervent attachment to hot suppers after meeting, and to enjoy, with about equal satisfaction, the future perdition of the majority of mankind and the more immediate prospect of a pork-chop and a drop of something warm. Something exactly similar takes place in the moral history of all who profess to despise minor joys and to disregard minor tribulations. They have their grand universal theory, and they soon begin to have their pork-chop. Their folly consists, not in having a theory, but in constructing it on a principle which excludes everything that is neither holy nor sublime, and overlooks with disdain all little vexations and trivial pleasures.

In most persons, disdain of this kind is sheer affectation. If a man tells you that he likes the flavour of Gladstone claret as well as that of Lafitte, or Cape as well as Port, or a bad dinner as well as a good one, you know at once that he is talking only for the sake of some imaginary effect; and you not only scout his execrable philosophy, but entirely disbelieve in his sincerity. Or if he professes to prefer a seat in the pit to a stall, or says that he would rather travel in a third-class carriage than in a first-class—alleging as the reason of his preference that the one is in itself more agreeable than the other—you are not deceived for a single moment, but detect instantly that the true

reason for his extraordinary choice is no mental eccentricity, but an easily intelligible money consideration. But many are honestly ashamed to confess that they are affected by minor tribulations. They have always been trained up to be above showing vexation at small annoyances, and to repress their sorrow on all but certain conventional occasions of grief. And this is a sound view with reference to public displays, but it is not sound with reference to the straightforward expression of feeling upon occasions which are obviously of minor importance in life. The consolation popularly administered to anybody suffering under a small misery is embodied in the highly satisfactory formula that "it will be all the same a hundred years hence"—which may be true or not, but can have little meaning in either case. There is simply no connexion whatever between the fact that your dining-room chimney always smokes, or that you have missed the last train, or that a favourite dog has been slaughtered by a silly old woman, and this comforting generalization about the state of things a century hence. A hundred years afterwards, it probably would make no material difference in the general welfare of Bob Sawyer that Mrs. Raddle had, on a particular evening, publicly desired him to dismiss his guests, and had declined to allow him any hot water. And in spite of Mr. Brocklehurst, in *Jane Eyre*, having ordered that all the girls at Lowood should have their curls cut off, things would still present about the same aspect a century later as if he had made no such order. But this does not touch the question. This argument notwithstanding, we may justly sympathize with Bob Sawyer on the one hand, and execrate Mr. Brocklehurst as a canting humbug on the other. This kind of philosophy is obviously based on a principle which would take away every reasonable motive and purpose in life, if carried out to its logical conclusion. A man could very easily persuade himself that it would be all the same a hundred years hence whether he stole his daily bread or earned it. There is no end to the folly and stupid indifference involved in this pinchbeck stoicism. The wise man will look upon things in their natural aspect, and neither through a microscope which exaggerates them beyond their true dimensions, nor through an inverted telescope which gives them the unreal proportions of remote distance.

RESERVE.

RESERVE, as denoting a characteristic, is, comparatively speaking, a new word. Old writers now and then call a man reserved, coupling the idea with policy or constitutional melancholy; but the word reserve, as meaning an innate quality of a healthy mind, we do not meet with. In fact, there was not, in other days, the occasion for it which we find among ourselves. Reserve was not a national quality, as it is supposed to be now, and if people wanted to attribute something of the kind to their acquaintance, they commonly expressed their meaning by some harsher term—sour perhaps, morose, sullen, proud, lofty, taciturn, or dissembling. Or the objectionable trait was summarily set down to "humours," and a thickness of the blood. That a man should lead a shut-up life—should deliberately conceal the best part of himself, his more intimate and individual sentiments, from the society of which he forms a part—and that this habit of his should affect others with admiration, and with a raised and excited expectation, does not accord with the way of thinking of those less fastidious times when wits talked their very best in coffee-houses or other public resorts, and were very willing to let who would hear them. There was little of what we understand by reserve in days when probably every one's arena for bringing out what was in him was found in mixed companies or casual intercourse, not in the close feminine domestic circle of modern refinement, nor in the habitual exclusive intercourse of one or two chosen intimates who can be relied upon for understanding every turn of thought and shade of feeling.

Whatever our fathers did, it is a word that we, at least, could ill spare—"reserve" accounts for and explains so many things. And yet what that reserve is which is not pride, nor silliness, nor shyness, nor dulness, nor melancholy, nor affectation, but a thing altogether apart from all these, is not so easy to define. The first social example of the quality that occurs to us is the poet Gray, and it is amusing to see how the old rough frankness bristled and clashed against the new exclusive element. It is very little to Johnson's credit that he did not admire Gray's poetry, but Johnson was a conservative, and Gray was in all things a precursor and innovator. Thus, he started the popular love of the picturesque, and is the first solitary tourist on record. He wrote poetry that men vowed they could not understand, just as old-fashioned folks do now by *In Memoriam*. He set up and acted on a new theory of social and literary independence; and he was reserved—reserved in the new heroic way. That is, he had a vast number of contempt and antipathies, and some warm friendships; he mistrusted mankind, but where he gave his confidence it was unlimited; he loved but one woman, and she was his mother, but this love was pathetic and exemplary; and, finally, he shut himself up, and eschewed general society. This was not the character to suit Johnson's old-world practice or principles, and he summarily disposed of it after his manner. "Sir, he was a dull fellow—dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere; he was dull in a new way, and that made many people think him great." Now the poet, in his own line, was great, and to his intimates was, and deserved to be, preeminently interesting; but we believe this is a fair enough picture of his actual deportment to the world at large. And reserve

is dulness to the majority of those who come in contact with it—a fact which it may not be amiss to press at a time when everybody is pleased to be thought reserved, and disowns the charge with the gentlest disclaimer, either for his country or himself. There is a reserve merely of manner, of which we will only say that it is much to be preferred to the opposite extreme; but reserve of mind—the attitude of holding back what is most distinctive of the speaker, and what affects him nearest—disqualifies a man for general cheerful companionship. Not that we would confound reserve with dulness. A practised observer distinguishes the two before a word is spoken. As Bacon says—"If a man be thought secret, it inviteth discovery," which dulness never does. There is the interest, for those who care for such things, of detecting the real man through the veil it pleases him to wear. The character most liable to reserve has high and attractive points—it has self-respect, self-restraint, sensitiveness, and possibly a high moral standard and a correct taste; but the reserve itself, if not an innate fault, is yet a misfortune. It is the effect of some early check, neglect, wounded feeling, or uncongenial circumstances when the character began to form itself. And it results in harm; for that must be a narrowing, hardening quality which keeps a man always on the defensive, and suspicious of aggression, and shuts him up from real, equal, open intercourse with the greater number of those who fall in his way. It is no credit to a man that very few people know him, and yet it is constantly stated by his friends as a sort of distinction separating him from the common herd, who lay themselves bare—thoughts, feelings, emotions—at the mere prompting of the occasion, without jealous choice of witnesses or care for a fit audience.

It is sometimes thought a sign of freedom from egotism that a man never speaks of himself; but it more commonly denotes reserve, and is, in truth, one of its most repelling characteristics. Reserve is compatible with great freedom and fluency of speech on those subjects which are public property. Indeed, men who are conscious that they hold an impregnable position are often very ready on common topics, and may even conceal from the unobservant that there is a part of themselves which no eye is ever permitted to pry into. But this sort of talk, in the long run, is unsatisfactory—it wants the savour of candour and true sincerity. The reserved and the open are not even here on a level, for there is no subject so removed from personal interests and regards as not to suffer in the handling from this watchful jealousy lest the general should touch on the private and individual. Whatever a man is, however attractive his powers or qualities, if he persistently shuns personal confidences where it would be natural to make them, it is wise to accept the reticence as a sign of mistrust. Acquaintance here will not ripen into friendship. All people talk of themselves to somebody, and it is, in fact, an especial luxury to the reserved class, from their self-inverted, self-conscious habit of mind. This sometimes impels them to strange confidences. A man of rigid reserve will tell a stranger things about himself which he has hid from friend, and wife, and child; and this either from a grudging mistrust of those near him—lest the barrier, once broken down, should never be raised again—or because he can talk of things the most intimate and close to him if secure from the free, bold touch of sympathy and affection. Thus it is that confiding, cordial natures are often invaded with something like a pang, as at kindness repelled and interest slighted, when they find that their reserved friend has been revealing his inner nature to a chance talkative stranger, which he has withheld from them through long seeming intimacy, interchange of kind offices, and tried fidelity. In fact, when frank and friendly people call a man reserved, it commonly means some personal experience of this sort.

It is, perhaps, impossible not to be flattered by anything like exclusive regard. We are all so far selfish as to prize a thing the more for its being, in some particular sense, our own:—

And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet possession of the fairy place;
Single, and conscious to myself alone
Of pleasures to the excluded world unknown.

And here, no doubt, lies much of the charm of reserve—it points to something which may become an exclusive possession. Nor do some persons care how narrow is the outlet for sensibility and enthusiasm, so that it flows freely for them. If a man does not open his heart to many people, he is too readily assumed to be capable of a particular effusion and intensity of trust in a chosen few. The truth is, however, that nothing really needs such constant practice as the affections. A man does not feel a bit the stronger for feeling rarely; and we would go further, and say that the man who resolutely controls all expression of feeling controls something more than expression—he keeps down the thing itself. An exclusive manner cannot be maintained without a certain cast of sentiment towards the persons against whom this guard is kept. The outside does not belie the heart, as is fondly supposed; it more commonly understates the real condition of affairs. And yet, because all silence and reticence have an air of mystery, we often see the frank genial nature which, like the green fields, bears its wealth visible to all eyes, disregarded for one of these supposed mines of treasure, and centres of hidden fire. It is woman's weakness especially to be caught by the romance of a stern inaccessible nature, accessible to her and to her alone—more particularly if she be of the jealous temper which grudges sharers in its privileges. Reserve gives great occasion for her particular talent of practical physiognomy. If the countenance is impenetrable, then

Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains;

If rigid, she can detect lightning flashes of feeling; if it is mobile, and subject to transitions and rapid fluctuations of expression, it is like a map of a country of which she alone has the key. What depths of tenderness, humanity, and intellect will she not attribute to eyes that kindle while the tongue is mute, to a brow that contracts under unexpressed thought, and to lips that pass from stern to sweet under restrained impulses! Yet mere sensitiveness—sensitiveness that never gets wholly away from self, never quite loses itself in others—may be at the bottom of the stimulating exterior. The shyness of pride, the horror of self-betrayal, the fear of ridicule, or the intense enjoyment and appreciation of being understood, are all very tell-tale emotions, and can dispense with speech. Where reserve is a strong characteristic, even thoughts of universal kindness are no habitual occupation of heart or intellect; though the want may be more than atoned for to the favoured few by a warm partiality of preference, confiding dependence, and depth of personal regard. Where there is this harmony, let the union be as close and as exclusive as it will. Reserve is an element of strength, and has its work to do in the world as a check on babbling sentiment and on the weak effusions of shallow or boisterous natures. We do not care to have everybody diffusively and expansively benevolent. What we resent is the waste that is sometimes observable of an honest regard—a confidence on one side, with efforts to please that are not, and never will be, returned. We find something lowering in some people's humble attendance on tempers of this nature—in their waiting and watching for chance crumbs of sympathy. There is always a time when these unrequited endeavours should cease. Sympathy and confidence should be mutual, or they should tone down to a lower level. A lover was once refused, at the end of fifteen years, on the ground of insufficient acquaintance. It is wise in friend as well as suitor to give up the hope of occupying any large place in the mind which has had ample opportunities of knowing all the good that is in him, and yet has not availed itself of them.

A certain set of strong qualities can hardly be found in man without the counterbalance of contempt and disdain. Being free from a particular class of temptations, people despise those who are subject to them. Above all, the power of silence is one to be proud of, both for the snares and dangers from which it saves, and the prestige which it wins. All reserved people have mistrust of others. Most of them undervalue the discretion or refinement of those among whom they live. It is almost necessarily a supercilious habit of mind, and this is apparent whenever a man of reserved temper will talk frankly of his reserve. He owns that the mass of mankind are beyond—which means beneath—his sympathy. He will confess to being hopeless—which, again, means careless—of their regard. There may, indeed, be the appearance of reserve from opposite causes—from the mere want of a sense of individuality. Some people have no privacy because their own nature never occupies them. They cannot be brought to talk about themselves, or to make confidences, from mere ignorance of the subject. Their fault is an intellectual one, and the less need be said about them because they are essentially dry and uninteresting. Nobody cares much what they may have to say on any topic, and their reserve is what only the more philanthropic would seek to break through.

Shyness and reserve are so often alike in their effects that it is no wonder they are constantly confounded. Shyness, under a composed exterior, looks like reserve; and reserve, where people judge only by manner, often passes for shyness. But the likeness is only superficial. It is easy to distinguish, where there is opportunity for observation, the painful shrinking and recoil which puts Shyness at a distance, from the arm's length attitude of resistance by which Reserve holds the world at bay. Genuine shyness must be some compound of fear, self-consciousness, and inexperience. It implies an acute sense of bareness and exposure, which intercourse with the world will certainly modify. What reserve is, we have not arrived at; but it is a quality, when once implanted, which custom and society will rather increase than wear out. It is felt to be a power and a protection, and is cherished as an armour of defence; and so it is, but it is also an admission of weakness and an evidence of defect. With all respect, and liking too, for our reserved friends, and for the impressive appearance which a well-guarded reserve makes in the world, we yet submit that the strongest minds—the most vigorous, comprehensive, prudent, and far-seeing, the natures most to be relied upon, most influential, and most thoroughly lovable—are essentially unreserved.

THE SPIRIT OF CONQUEST.

THE habit of hasty inference, of drawing general conclusions from inadequate data, furnished us with the subject of a few remarks last week. Those remarks had hardly been written before we came across one of the most amusing instances of the kind that we have seen for a long time. The class of hasty inferences on which we before chiefly commented was that in which some general law is inferred from one particular instance, most commonly from some instance which is going on before our own eyes. Another equally dangerous error is where the commentator, instead of leaping to a false analogy, passes by real analogies, and leaps to the conclusion that some striking event of the day stands without any parallel in history. In looking at our own times, we are always beset by two opposite temptations. There is, on the one hand, the tendency which is expressed by such proverbs as "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*" and "*familiarity breeds contempt*." There is a temptation to fancy that the men

and the actions of remote ages and countries must have been greater, for good or for evil as may be, than the men and the actions of the times in which we ourselves live. On the other hand, there is a temptation, as strong or stronger, to suppose that what we see ourselves must be greater or more remarkable than what we do not see. Men are apt to forget that history has its laws of perspective just as much as outward nature. The child or the clown believes that a cheese is bigger than the moon because to his eye it looks so. It is hard to persuade him that the small apparent size of the moon is simply owing to its vast distance. So the observer who is unaccustomed to historical comparison fancies that the events which he sees clearly must be greater than those distant events which to him seem small and dim by reason of their distance. The war which he himself sees must be the greatest and bloodiest, the most glorious or the most wicked, of all the wars that ever happened. The chief whom he admires must have no parallel for excellence, and the chief whom he hates must have no parallel for baseness. Whatever, in war, in politics, or anything else, strikes him as new or singular, must be new or singular in the history of the world. The true historical mind keeps clear of both errors, and neither depreciates nor exaggerates the events which come within its own knowledge. A large induction of particulars soon makes the historian feel that man and his nature are really very much the same in all times and places. He learns that the men and the events of one age are not, on the average, very much greater or less than those of any other age. He sees that, though different ages and nations have their distinctive virtues and vices, yet the aggregate of virtue and vice does not very sensibly differ in any two ages that may be chosen. The common observer is sometimes struck only by the likeness, sometimes only by the unlikeness, between past and present events. If only the points of likeness strike him, he leaps to a false analogy. If only the points of unlikeness strike him, he remains blind to a true analogy. The historian weighs together the points of likeness and of unlikeness, and draws his conclusions from the result. We who have seen the career of Garibaldi can better understand the career of Timoleon and other ancient heroes. We who have seen the career of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte can better understand the career of Dionysius and other ancient tyrants. The general resemblance is, in both cases, most striking and most instructive. But there are, in both cases, points of unlikeness in detail which are equally striking and equally instructive. Some of the doings of Aratus read word for word like some of the doings of President Lincoln. In some other points no two men can be more unlike one another. Philopœmen was a hero, and General Butler is a ruffian; yet there is a real and instructive analogy between the position of Philopœmen at Sparta and the position of Butler at New Orleans. In all cases we shall go wrong if we either allow points of unlikeness to blind us to the lessons which may be drawn from real points of likeness, or if we allow real points of likeness to blind us to real points of unlikeness, and so to hurry us into hasty and inaccurate general conclusions.

We have been led into this train of thought by a passage in a letter from the American Special Correspondent of the *Times*. He is discussing that passion for "universal empire"—or, in more moderate language, for spreading the Union over the whole Northern Continent—which is truly or falsely attributed to the people of the Northern States:—

There is no use in probing this sore wound of American pride. The Union is to them—even to the immense majority of the most moderate among them—dearer than to the Frenchman his "legitimate influence" over Europe, dearer than to the Briton the long-insured inviolability of his soil. It is their native element, out of which they die. Union is with them nationality. They do not see that their country stretches over no less than a quarter of the globe; that their people are soon to outgrow all European proportions. They do not consider how much there is of menace and peril to the peace of mankind in that famous motto—

"No pent-up Utica confines our powers,
For the whole boundless continent is ours."

This aspiration to universal empire is no new phenomenon in the world's history. It was the dream of many a brain, from Cæsar to Charlemagne, from the Ottomans to the Napoleons. The novelty consists in seeing a whole people, a people aspiring to the boast of a free people, possessed by such a chimerical ambition. The strangeness lies in the attempt to ground the submission of all the human families on the principle of universal suffrage—in bowing the world, not to one man, but to a sovereign race. Rome strove after the same result, it is true, but she had lost her own freedom long before she conspired against that of mankind.

This is a most instructive example of the sort of error of which we have been speaking—the closing of the eyes to real analogies. It is also an example of a not uncommon figure of rhetoric. A proposition is made; certain facts are felt to contradict it, and those facts are boldly called up simply to be sent away again. We remember an ecclesiastical writer once laying down the very unjust rule that merchants are, in all ages, less liberal than other people, and that the churches in commercial cities are poorer than elsewhere. A manifest contradiction presented itself in the splendid churches of Bristol. Bristol was accordingly called up, but it was sent down again with the assertion that, except St. Mary Redcliffe and the tower of St. Stephen's, there were no very fine buildings in Bristol due to the liberality of merchants. In these cases, to cite the instances which upset the theory gratifies a certain instinct of honesty, and the fallacy of the argument is thus thought to be saved over. So with our political writer. He remarks a tendency in America which strikes him as singular and unreasonable. Being singular and unreasonable, it ought to be without parallel. English, French, and Roman parallels at once

present themselves. The writer would not feel quite comfortable if he passed by those parallels in silence. He instinctively feels that he would not be acting quite honestly if he did so. So he satisfies his conscience, and at the same time enriches his rhetoric, by calling up the parallels to be snubbed—the Roman one at the expense of a clear violation of historic truth.

Looking calmly at the matter, this alleged American passion for "universal empire" is simply that desire for national aggrandizement which, in one form or another, is common to all nations which have the least chance of gratifying it. It is not peculiar to any age, to any race, or to any form of government. It is common to large States and to small ones, to monarchies, aristocracies, and democracies. But of course it assumes different forms under different circumstances. It exists equally in America, in England, in France, in Russia, and in Greece. But its form is, in each case, modified by the circumstances of the several countries. In England, it took, ages back, the form of expeditions to conquer France. We now give it a different direction, but the feeling is essentially the same. Instead of European conquest, we seek to enlarge our dominions in all the remote corners of the earth. France, not being insular, and having seldom succeeded in distant colonization or conquest, seeks for contiguous annexations, and for "legitimate influence," in the shape of domineering where she does not annex. American ambition takes a form quite different, but one equally natural under American circumstances. The Federal Union is to be extended over as large a continuous portion of the world's surface as possible. And of course, if this is in any case to be done against the will of the people to be included within the Federal pale, this process would be just as much conquest and annexation as any of the others. But the desire for national aggrandizement is, in all these cases, essentially the same.

The language of the writer is anything but clear. It is hard to extract any definite meaning from the words about "grounding the submission of all the human families on the principle of universal suffrage," and about "bowing the world, not to one man, but to a sovereign race." But his general meaning probably is that the spirit of conquest or aggrandizement, or whatever it is to be called, is something new and inconsistent in a republic, as distinguished from a monarchy. Such a notion might easily occur to a writer ignorant of history, who had superficially glanced over the present state of the world. Just at this moment, there is no republic, except the United States, which is at all in a position to be aggressive, or to extend itself anywhere. Of the few republics now left in Europe, not one is in a position to be dangerous to its neighbours. Except Switzerland, they can hardly be said to have more than a nominal independence. They are, therefore, not in the least likely to begin annexing or demanding influence. Yet three years ago, when Switzerland seemed to have a fair chance (as she undoubtedly had a legitimate claim) of a certain increase of territory, that increase of territory was as eagerly sought for as if Switzerland were governed by a king. And we have to go back only a very little way in history to find republics as busy conquering and annexing as ever monarchies could be. Every Greek city of old, every Italian city in the middle ages, conquered whatever it could lay its hands upon. Athens, at the time of the Sicilian expedition, formed a distinct scheme of universal empire. Sicily was to be conquered; then Italy, then Carthage; lastly, Greece was to be overpowered by the forces thus acquired. Sparta, Argos, Thebes, did not form such grand notions as this, but Sparta, Argos, and Thebes all had their subject dependencies. Carthage and Venice, in two distant ages, surrounded the Mediterranean with their detached maritime conquests. Aristocratic Genoa bore rule over Corsica, and democratic Florence bore rule over Pisa. Switzerland, both the whole Confederation and particular Cantons, conquered and annexed as busily as other people. The League, as a League, had its subject Bailiwicks. The Senate of Bern gave law to a large dependent territory, and the Landsgemeinde of Uri gave law to a small one. The Dutch Republic wisely forbore European conquest, but it has been as busy as England herself in spreading its dominion over remote parts of the world. We cannot, without searching into archives which are not forthcoming, say whether Andorre or San Marino ever made any conquests or not; but we are sure that, if they have not done so, it is the way that has been lacking, and not the will. And one example remains, so conspicuous in the history of the world that no man who can read and write could well forget it. The Roman Commonwealth conquered the world, as far as it knew anything about the world. It gave the great example for all later schemes of "universal empire." The other examples most likely escaped the notice of our Correspondent, but this one was too great, too notorious to everybody, to be passed wholly by. So Rome—unlike Athens, Carthage, Venice, or Bern—is called up for notice, though called up only to be dismissed with the remark that "Rome had lost her own freedom long before she conspired against that of mankind." It is almost an insult to our readers to point out the utter falsehood of this assertion. The Correspondent's ideas of chronology are as odd as his notion of a single party—in this case a single commonwealth—conspiring all alone. It was the Roman Republic which was the real conquering power; the Empire did but complete and consolidate what the Republic had all but finished. Italy, Sicily, Spain, Cisalpine Gaul, Illyria, and some outlying parts of Greece, were all conquered in the golden days of Rome—the days of the Republic still free and uncorrupted. Macedonia, Greece, Africa, Asia, Syria, Transalpine Gaul, were won indeed in

more degenerate days, but still by the Republic, the free Senate and People of Rome. Egypt itself, the conquest of Augustus, was annexed before he had assumed anything that could be called sovereign power. Except Britain and Thrace, the strictly imperial conquests were mostly lost almost as soon as they were won. Rome, in short, was through her whole history essentially a conquering commonwealth, but, as such, she was simply the greatest example of a tendency common to all commonwealths.

In fact, it is only natural that the spirit of conquest and annexation should be stronger in the citizens of a republic than in the subjects of a monarchy. In cases of conquest, strictly speaking, where the territory conquered is kept in a state of subjection, there is, indeed, an inconsistency in men who boast of their own freedom refusing freedom to others, but the temptation is so great as quite to outweigh the inconsistency. When a king makes a conquest, his subjects feel a vague emotion of national glory, but they have no direct interest in his successes. The soldiers engaged in the conquest may gain, but the nation at large can gain little or nothing. It is not so with the conquests of a republic. By them every qualified citizen gains directly. When Bern or Uri annexed a district, every patrician of Bern, every citizen of Uri, found himself part of a corporate sovereign, enjoying all the dignities and emoluments of sovereignty. The Roman people became proprietors of the soil of the conquered provinces; part they kept in their own hands, part they granted out to the old owners on payment of what was strictly not a tax, but a rent. They were thus themselves freed from taxes, and had unlimited opportunities opened to them for official rule and plunder in the subject States. These things may also happen in the case of a kingdom; they are sure to happen in some degree when a kingdom annexes distant dependencies which cannot be really incorporated; but they need not happen, and often do not happen, when the annexed territory can really be incorporated. Savoy loses much by incorporation with France; but it shares the fate of the rest of France. It is not subject to the French people as the Val d'Aoste was subject to the people of the Grey Leagues.

A single city Republic, if it annexes, can seldom annex except in the form of strict conquest. Its government need not be oppressive, but it can hardly fail to keep its conquests in a state of dependence; it can hardly ever incorporate them on equal terms. The case is different with a Federation, which can admit new members on equal terms to any extent. This, up to the beginning of the present war, the American Republic has fairly done. All the territories which have been occupied, purchased, or conquered, have been fairly mapped out, as they became ready for admission, into sovereign States in every respect equal with the older members of the Union. It is nonsense to talk of "bowing the world to a sovereign race," unless the writer speaks on behalf of Indians or negroes. The Irishman, the German, and the Frenchman share equal rights with the "Anglo-Saxon;" and, if Canada or Mexico were annexed, there is no reason to suppose that it would not be annexed as a State or States, like Louisiana or Texas. The question of the Southern States, on the hypothesis of their conquest, is of course different. The recovery of a "rebel" State differs from colonization, purchase, or ordinary conquest. But the talk of extirpation and the like is probably mere talk; we may be sure that, on the improbable supposition of the conquest of the Southern States, they would be gladly readmitted with their old rights. The real danger lies elsewhere. The enormous size and isolation of the American Federation has been bad both for itself and for other Powers. A group of Unions of more moderate size must be more moderate in their talk, and more observant of international usages. North and South—perhaps we may have to add, West—will keep one another in order in a way in which the undivided Union had nothing to keep it in order. America will have a chance of becoming a system of States like Europe, with its own wars, its own treaties, its own interests. The existence of one overbearing Power in North America has hitherto been a great evil and a great danger, but it has been simply an instance of a general law of human politics, and the talk about "universal empire" and a "sovereign race" is at least utterly out of place.

THE FORTHCOMING ASS SHOW.

CERTAIN observations in the letter of the *Times'* Paris Correspondent on the practice of vivisection in France, published last Saturday, have been made the occasion of an article, which appeared in that paper of Tuesday, and that article shows that the season in which the leading journal edits itself has set in. The article to which we allude—as the newspaper phrase runs—is a regular sensation paper. It is brimfull of horrors, and it assures us that it is the daily practice in France to perform "vivisection" for no conceivable purpose whatever, and merely to verify, for the sake of every student, the most elementary and well-known facts in animal physiology. The article and the letter go further, and condescend to statistics. It is stated that the number of animals done to death in France by vivisection amounts to "tens of millions." The phrase is nobly and audaciously vague, but, construing it in the lowest sense, it enumerates the victims of unnecessary torture, in France, as at least twenty millions. We are told that sometimes one horse is vivisected as many as sixty times; but supposing that every vivisected animal is submitted to only a single operation, some curious results follow if this statement is, after the Colenso method, to be submitted to the rules of Cocker. Let us suppose that there are

as many as a hundred great schools of medicine and veterinary science, metropolitan and provincial, in France, in which vivisection is employed—a number certainly beyond the facts of the case, if, as we have heard, there is only one medical school in Paris in which vivisection is performed at all. Let us further suppose that vivisection has been constantly practised in each and every one of those chief schools for as many as thirty years—a calculation which is also a very liberal one, as the practice is recent, and is in the *Times* traced back only to Magendie's public lectures in 1830. To arrive at the "tens of millions" of cases of vivisection quoted and emphasized by the article-writer in the *Times*, and which we set down in its lowest form as 20,000,000, no less than 200,000 instances of vivisection must have taken place in each and in every one of the hundred vivisectioning French medical schools; and, if this has been going on for thirty years, more than twenty-two experiments in vivisection must have been performed every day in each of these hundred schools, and vivisection must have been practised in each of them on as many as three hundred days in the year. But the present rate may be assumed to be about the past rate, or, as the practice is said to be on the increase, we may set down the daily experiments on the living animal as now twenty-five in each school. This gives the astounding total of 2,500 French acts of vivisection now going on for each of the 300 working days throughout the year, and no less than 750,000 instances of vivisection as now annually performed in France. And as each vivisection may be reasonably calculated to occupy ten minutes, we are invited, by the writer who so glibly talks of "tens of millions," to believe that four hours a day are now spent in every one of the chief medical schools of France in the practice of vivisection. Add to this in imagination the time, and money, and men necessary to procure these twenty millions of horses, dogs, cats, birds, and frogs for the use of the medical men of France, and we have indeed a terrible picture. Every instance of vivisection must imply a certain number of spectators, for the charge as against French vivisection is that it is a public show, and not performed in the surgeon's own study. Twenty million cases, therefore, at the rate of only ten medical students present at each experiment, implies the frightful total of two hundred millions of young Sawbones present at vivisection within the period during which it has been practised—a period, as we have said, certainly not much more than thirty years.

It is no small wonder that the Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals seems somewhat alarmed at the indiscreet zeal of his *collaborateurs*, and ventures to hint that the horrors of vivisection in the French schools may perhaps have been a little exaggerated. Mr. Colam suggests that the Society may have been misinformed or misled as to what takes place in France. This will probably turn out to be the case, and if so, we can only regret that a good cause is likely to be damaged by the excessive zeal of its advocates. The English Society has done, and is doing, good service in protecting cab and omnibus horses; and its prosecutions of offenders in the matters of flaying cats and brutally treating dogs and horses, and in over-driving and goading cattle and sheep, deserve general thanks and sympathy. But it is the tendency of all benevolent societies to ride a hobby, even though it is the hobby of charity and benevolence, to death, and we are not sure that such is not the tendency of some of the friends and orators of this useful society. It has got at least some quacks among its fervent advocates, and we hardly think that the International Congress to which the Secretary calls attention was an affair very wisely conducted. The Report of its proceedings last year at the Crystal Palace is before us. It is outwardly a curious and rather dishonest paper; for it closely and minutely resembles, in print and folding, the official returns made to, and published by authority of, Parliament. It imitates so closely the Parliamentary papers that for some time we accepted it as a public and official document rather than the report of a private society. In taking up the subject of vivisection the society is, we think, travelling beyond its purpose; and certainly the speeches and sentiments of the orators are many of them very wild and sentimental. One of them considers it a point of honour for man not to accept any physiological truth, however great the benefits accruing to medical science and to the whole human race may be, at the expense of any amount of suffering to one of the lower animals. To do them justice, all the speakers did not take this Brahminical flight, but most of them rudely and unfairly labelled the medical profession. It may be quite true that vivisection may be practised in an indiscriminate, and useless, and therefore cruel way. Nothing can be more foolish or more wicked than to allow raw medical students to practise vivisection for the mere sake of verifying familiar conclusions of science. Nothing can be more unphilosophical than for inexperienced persons to acquire by experiment mere facts which they cannot understand, or perhaps perceive, still less generalize and deduce lessons from. If, which is by no means proved, vivisection is practised in this way, let it be denounced; but to libel the memory of great surgeons as guilty of unnecessary cruelty—to argue that Hunter learned nothing in the matter of aneurism from vivisection, or to say that science, as in the case of galvanism, is not indebted to experiments on the living animal, or that our knowledge on resuscitation after drowning has not very re-

cently been enlarged or confirmed by experimentally suffocating dogs—is only the talk of ignorance, or of that sentimentality which is more mischievous than ignorance. It may be quite true that, in certain departments of toxicology, facts registered as to the effects of poison on the lower animals are not absolutely conclusive as to the effects of poison on the human subject, but they are unquestionably approximately important. And, on the whole, the medical profession may very safely and justly be trusted in all matters in which humane considerations are at stake. Surgeons are quite as gentle, and know their duties as human beings to animal life and its mysterious sanctity quite as well, as this benevolent Society and its Committee do; and in future we trust that they will leave the subject of vivisection, and confine their labours to the humble but useful department in which they have hitherto laboured with the applause of all good men. There is a rock ahead—a rock of charlatanism and pretence—on which we trust the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will not split.

An advertisement inserted in the *Times* of Monday, and clearly prompted by the fervid letter from Paris on Saturday, makes us tremble for the future usefulness of the Society. We subjoin it:—

Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.—It is intended to hold at an early date, a Prize Show of Costermongers' Donkeys, with a view to the encouragement of humane owners among the poor, and the well-being of that useful and too often misused animal. Persons desirous of co-operating are requested to communicate with the Rev. Thomas Jackson, M.A., Rector, Stoke Newington, N.

Mr. Thomas Jackson's name was familiar to us as one of the most ecstatic orators at the International Congress of the Society held at Sydenham last year, and, *omnes solus*, he formed the deputation which visited Germany some two years ago in the interests of the same body. Is it possible that the Society is going to divide the whole animal kingdom, and to assign the several departments of protection to special guardians? The flea will probably have its own guardian in a Brahmin; the old Egyptian *cultus* of crocodile and ox may be revived, and to M. Jules Gérard, who spoke at Sydenham, but not in favour of the prevention of cruelty to elephants and lions, may be assigned the protectorate of some ignoble race, the slaughter of which is not to his taste; but how is it that a clergyman who is Prebendary of St. Paul's, and rector of a suburban parish, should come out as the special champion of the costermonger's donkey? What are the particular affinities between the parson and the ass? What is the tie between the London clergy and the costermonger's donkey? We do not recall any particular instance of long and protracted torments from a stronger race, to which the clergy are particularly exposed. One, to be sure, in which the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to have interfered, occurred some years ago, in which an eloquent divine was selected for the office of Colonial Bishop, and was actually sent out to the Antipodes, to get some experience in the sphere of his future labours. On his return, he is said to have anticipated his consecration by purchasing and wearing the full episcopal costume. A hitch occurred, and "the Bishop Designate" was not thought strong enough for the place, and remains a priest to this day. By degrees, and one by one, the unfortunate victim was compelled to drop his dignified habiliments. First, he was shelled out of his shovel hat, then he was unfrocked of his apron, afterwards he was shorn as to his episcopal gaiters; and, lastly, the rochet and lawn sleeves were offered for sale at an alarming sacrifice. It was a regular case of a parson subjected to vivisection in its severest shape. The Bishop Designate was unbishoped by slow agonies and protracted torments far worse than any inflicted in the notorious Veterinary Schools of Lyons and Alfort. It may be that this shocking instance of cruelty to the clerical animal survives in the recollection of the clergy, and possibly in Mr. Jackson's. But this solitary case of tormenting a curate hardly accounts for Mr. Jackson's self-appointed office of protector of the asinine race. There is, perhaps, no danger of recalling the old heathen libel against our religion, that the early Christians used to worship an ass's head; but a clergyman ought to be chary in adopting associations of this particular kind. The Golden Ass might endear Apuleius's subject to mere scholars, so might the Asinaria of Plautus; and the unsavoury memories of La Pucelle might recommend asses to the students of scrofulous French literature. Coleridge and the author of *Peter Bell* have sung and sonnetized on behalf of the "poor little foal of an oppressed race," but why should a Protestant clergyman take up the burden of Issachar, and set up as a judge and adjudicator in asinine competition? A song was popular some twenty years ago—a fragment perhaps from Asinius Pollio—which described the model costermonger, who may be expected to compete in the Great International Exhibition of Jackasses, suggested by the rector of Stoke Newington. Are the competitors to approach the judge's seat, singing,

If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
Do you think I would wallop him? Oh, no, no!
I'd give him some hay, and say, "Gee, ho," &c. &c.?

Or, as the judge is clerical, does he propose to revive at Stoke Newington Church the famous *Festum Asinorum*? Is it intended to chaunt, in a procession of costermongers, the old hymn which once resounded in the aisles of Beauvais?

Oriens partibus
Adventavit asinus,
Fulcher et fortissimus,
Sarcinis aptissimus.

The vernacular chorus or response, which is preserved by Du Cange, might be translated into the Cockney tongue of the costermongers. The rector and the choir would of course intone the Latin Hymn as it stands; but we can quite fancy that a skilful adapter might make something of the old Beauvais refrain:—

Hez, Sire Asses, car chanter,
Belle bouche resignez,
Vous aurez du foin assez,
Et de l'avoine à planter.

We venture on a version for the "Prize Show of Costermongers' Donkeys:—

Bray, Sir Ass, hee-haw away,
Open pretty mouth and bray;
You shall have a feed of hay,
And peck of oats at Jackson's pay.

Or the forthcoming Exhibition of Asses might possibly take a histrionic form instead of that of an ecclesiastical mystery-play. The Judge may appear as Bottom Transformed, with the usual theatrical property of an ass's head, and may pat his own shaggy ears, and smooth his own gentle nose, or attempt what Wordsworth calls

The long dry see-saw of a horrible bray,

in sympathy with his brethren. But though many forms might be suggested of giving the advertised Prize Show of Donkeys considerable external *éclat*, we are still at some difficulty in understanding the Rector of Stoke Newington's personal claim to this office of Judge and President among donkeys. He knows himself best; he may be conscious of subtle affinities which are special qualifications for the function he has chosen. It may be that he remembers Johnson's canon—

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat—

and that he applies it to himself—

Who judges asses should himself be ass.

DR. FABER AND THE BROMPTON ORATORIAN.

ROMAN Catholicism is certainly not fortunate in its English representatives. Sir George Bowyer is not precisely the man to recommend its political aspect to a constitutional House of Commons; and Cardinal Wiseman, covetous as he seems of Protestant popularity, is even more ingenious than Mr. Gladstone in affronting those whom he desires to please. But for a genuine caricature of the Roman system we must go to the Superior of the Brompton Oratory, whose proceedings in the case of the youth Harrison have once more called public attention to the unscrupulousness of unreasoning religious fanaticism. Dr. Faber is, indeed, precisely one of that class of men who cause as much annoyance to their friends as they work mischief to their foes; and we apprehend that his most recent escapade will have been almost as unwelcome to the steady-going and more rational among his own communion as it has been to the father of the unlucky boy who has been subjected to his manipulations. The Brompton Oratory, it is well known, is an institution which is regarded with more than suspicion by a large number of the Catholic clergy and laity. It is, we understand, entirely disconnected from the house of the same name at Birmingham, which was founded by Dr. Newman, and it exhibits peculiarities quite its own. The publications of Dr. Faber, whose eccentricities it faithfully reflects, are indeed among the strangest phenomena of the religious literature of the day. To those who are unacquainted with them it is difficult to convey an idea of the strange mixture of shrewdness, silliness, vulgarity, piety, and profanity which they display. Designed to introduce into England the hot-blooded emotionalism of Southern Italy and other countries supposed to be eminently "Catholic" and "Roman," they are cleverly adapted to excite the feelings of weak and ill-informed minds, especially in the case of those who imagine that whatever is most offensive to Protestants is, *ipso facto*, most orthodox and devout. Here the amazed reader will find himself exhorted to "pump souls out of purgatory" by the instrumentality of his prayers. Or he will read such expositions of Mariolatry as will prepare him to go and hear Dr. Faber and his imitators in the pulpit call the Virgin Mary "Mamma," before the astonished ears of a London audience. Or he will be advised to spend his days in reading an Oratorian series of Saints' Lives, in which the utmost absurdities of Spanish or Neapolitan miracle-mongery are presented to the English public, in the very worst translations which an age fertile in bad versions has succeeded in producing. All these displays, it is but fair to add, are repudiated by the most enlightened of the Roman Catholic body, and we are told that some of their bishops condemn Dr. Faber's books in the strongest terms, as pernicious in their influence on the practical religious life. Still, whatever may be their protests and opinions as known to their own body, the fact remains that Dr. Faber comes before the public as their representative, and is permitted to alienate the most zealous supporters of religious toleration by an act which is neither more nor less than absolute kidnapping.

Catholicism, it should never be forgotten by its supporters, is known to be a highly organized system, by virtue of which its authorities are enabled to control the acts of their inferiors to an extent which makes them practically answerable for all violations of law and order. Unfair as it would be to charge upon the Roman Catholic bishops the vagaries of certain portions of the laity who profess to obey them, it cannot be denied that their

power of controlling the proceedings of their clergy is very considerable. For generation after generation they have been labouring to convince the world that their creed is not inconsistent with the first principles upon which the social fabric rests, and that therefore they have a right to demand a perfect equality with other sects in the eyes of an impartial Government. Theological dogmas and devotional practices, they have justly urged, are beyond the domain of the secular State; and they have been consistently and courageously supported by the great Liberal body in the country. But what we especially desire to call them to remember is the utter irreconcilableness of conduct like that of Dr. Faber and his associates with the fundamental principles to which they themselves appeal, when they ask us to protect them against the persecution of ultra-Protestant zeal. Here is a lad, some seventeen or eighteen years of age, who has cultivated theological knowledge amidst the grave solitudes of Dean's Yard and Battersea Reach, suddenly impressed with the externals of Roman worship as exhibited at the Brompton Oratory, or its branch chapel at Sydenham. Within a few hours the boy is persuaded to accept, at the lips of perfect strangers, a solution of some of the most difficult questions which have ever perplexed the human mind; and he believes, on their assurance, that he is under the immediate influence of the Spirit of God, summoning him to an instant rejection of duties which he has till now held sacred, and to an unqualified adoption for life of a rule and a creed of which he really knows no more than he knows of the interior of the moon. All this time, by that very law which protects his new teachers in the free exercise of their religion and in the tenure of their property, he is not his own master. He has no more right to run away from his father, even though that father may not be the most judicious of parents, than he has to pick Dr. Faber's pocket, or to set fire to the Oratory buildings as the home of idolatry. How, then, it may reasonably be asked, can English Catholics complain if such a violation of social order is denounced by the consistent supporters of religious toleration? What avails it to allege, as is alleged by those who would defend Mr. Boaden and Dr. Faber, that the boy in question was bound at all risks to do what was needful to save his soul, on the ground that certain theological opinions are divinely true? What has the English law to do with theology, as such? By the very theory of the Catholic claimants to toleration, English law is utterly ignorant of all such questions. It is a secular law—a law founded on another basis. How, then, can it stultify itself by recognising in Dr. Faber the exponent of a higher law to which it is bound to submit itself? What is this new Brompton Delphi from which oracles are to proceed, rooting up the foundations of the whole fabric of social morality?

Still further, the Roman Catholic body should seriously reflect on the impression which the breathless speed of the transaction produces on those who are unable to identify violent religious excitement with the deliberate act of a rational and responsible being. If there is anything which revolts the English mind, it is the suspicion of trickery and unfair play. People do not want to interfere with the final convictions of honest and painstaking sincerity. Nor do they expect everybody to be a learned theologian. If certain minds are so constituted that they cannot serve God comfortably without going to confession to a priest, or attending services where the air is heavy with incense, by all means let them indulge themselves, and get to heaven their own way. But let the whole thing be done fairly and above board. Do not let us see a young gentleman who, from his position as captain of Westminster school, must be presumed to be well educated and intelligent, practised upon by arts fit only for the nursery or the asylum. Do the Catholic community wish it to be supposed that "conversion" is a process of mental legerdemain, or that the argument in favour of Rome is so flimsy that it will not stand before a calm and prolonged investigation? If the Church of Rome is the only true Church, are its numbers to be increased by a spiritual mesmerizing, so that the patient shall be incapable of knowing what he is doing or what is done to him? We have always understood that it is the practice with many of the Roman Catholic clergy to require a long probation of their intending converts, by way of testing their sincerity, and in order to instruct them thoroughly in the religion they are about to adopt. We have heard of such descriptions as "bread-and-butter Catholics," "candlestick Christians," and other such opprobrious designations, freely applied by them to converts attracted to Rome by motives of interest or spiritual fancies. If, then, the cautious and careful method is so necessary to detect imposition and avoid self-deception, how comes it that the laws of the human mind are abrogated in behalf of the Brompton conjurors, and that Protestant boys are to be transformed into Oratorian postulants by a touch of Dr. Faber's wand? If the Brompton system is right, are not the more serious and thoughtful clergy of Rome entirely in the wrong? How are the men who thus take advantage of a schoolboy's excited feelings one whit more respectable and honest than the fanatics at a Methodist revival who shout and howl and sing and pray their audience into hysterics, and then give glory to God for driving the devil out of their converted souls?

After all, nature is full of compensations. No communion has a monopoly of silliness and extravagance, and fanaticism is much the same whether clothed in a surplice, a cassock, or a Geneva cloak. We must expect to see the same tactics adopted by all persons whose aim is the same, by whatever differences of theory they may distinguish themselves. Men will always do, in the name of religion, many things which they would regard as simply immoral and irreligious when judged abstractedly by the rules of right and

wrong. Well-intentioned persons are as incapable as ever of discriminating between their own personal convictions and the realities of objective truth. It is in vain, therefore, to look for more than average common sense in the prominent preachers of any one of the various schools that ask our allegiance. Every denomination seems to be under a law which forces it at times to caricature itself for the benefit of the unwary. Let us be thankful that we live in an age when nature is displaying her utmost impartiality in thus distributing her disqualifications. It is but fair, in the controversial race, that while Anglicanism is weighted with a Bench of Bishops, Presbyterianism should have its Cumming, Nonconformity its Spurgeon, and Catholicism its Faber.

A RELIC OF THE REYNOLDS FAMILY.

MOST people who know anything about Sir Joshua Reynolds remember his famous definition of genius—that it is great natural ability turned by accident into a particular direction. Unsatisfactory as this definition is, there are certain considerations which give it colour. Where a family consisting of several members has produced an undoubted genius, it seldom happens that the gift of superior natural powers is confined to that individual member. The Schlegels and Grimms, the sisters of Mozart and Mendelssohn, the families of Newman, Trollope, Kingsley, and Tennyson, furnish instances to the contrary. In some, if not in most of these cases, no accident was wanting to turn the conspicuous powers of the less known brother or sister into the same channel with those of the more famous. The natural bias was strong enough. Nor is it by any means easy to say, in every case, that the less remarkable member of the family possessed distinctly the weaker powers. We say, So-and-So was the “genius of the pair,” or “the genius of the group,” quite apart from any rule that may be deduced from Sir Joshua Reynolds’ saying. Still, that saying, as far as it goes, has a value. It presents us with the view which one man of genius took of his great gift, and it embodies that view in a concise form, rendering it easy of examination and discussion. It also takes proper account of one truth, systematically and injuriously neglected in the writings of Mr. Smiles. It lays down that, to be a man of genius, one must at any rate have natural powers above the average to start with; whereas, to hear the well-intentioned apostle of “Self-Help,” it might be supposed that a boy of the meanest capacity, but armed with an inflexible will, may turn out in time to be a man of genius. We remember to have seen much the same kind of notion urged by a Dissenting divine on the Young Men’s Christian Association, in a lecture on the Life and Character of the late Sir Fowell Buxton. It is easy to discover the reason why this view has been preached until it is popular. The moral gains of strong will are often enormous; the miseries of wasted or misused genius are proverbial. Hence, the preachers, straining facts to suit the purpose of edification, try to alter a little slip in the arrangements of nature, and to make out that will *is* genius, and genius nothing but will. This, however, involves, to say the least, a confusion of thought with which Sir Joshua Reynolds would probably never have been, and certainly in this saying was not, chargeable.

We have lately met with a little volume which shows that, within his own family circle, Sir Joshua possessed what he would justly have considered an exemplification of his theory. This book is called *A Devonshire Dialogue, in Four Parts*, and it was originally written by Mrs. Palmer, of Great Torrington, Devon, a sister of the painter. The general vigour of mind, and, above all, the brilliant powers of observation traceable on every page, are quite enough to have set an artist musing on what the author might have become if she had concentrated herself upon some one department of art. It seems that, after repeated acts of petty depredation on the original MS., a more wholesale mode of proceeding was resorted to by a too zealous friend, and that an imperfect and unauthorized edition of the Dialogue was published some time after the death of its writer. From these circumstances one of her daughters was induced, in 1839, to publish the whole of the original work, and a glossary of terms was added by a Devon clergyman named Phillips. We are not aware that any later edition has appeared; and as this was probably a very limited one, the little book has claims to be regarded as an interesting and valuable curiosity.

The plot of the Dialogue, so far as it has any plot at all, is of the simplest kind. Five rustic characters play a part in it. The first of these is Farmer Hogg, “a man o’ eight an’ twenty pounds a year, and every foot his own land.” He is a perfect specimen of the very small freehold farmer still to be found in the remote parts of Devon, purse-proud on the strength of his very small holding, and a bectoring, tippling bully to boot. Dame, the farmer’s wife, has been married to him against her instinctive feelings of repulsion, and at the peremptory command of a father who was led captive by the eight-and-twenty pound freehold. She lives an illused, disappointed, but an uncomplaining and hardworking woman. “Farmer Hogg’s wife,” says the Parson, “is a pattern. Her, and her houz, be always in order.” But though the house is in order, the poor woman’s heart is fast failing her, as Bet, her faithful maid, declares in this charming little passage, which is exactly what Shakespeare might have put into such a speaker’s mouth:—

Ah! me. Before her married, her was as pear as a bard*, and as cherry

* Bird.

as a crop o’ fresh apple-blooth; but now, poor soul, her’s like a daver’d rose—sweet in the midst o’te.

Bet is a delightful picture of a true-hearted Devon girl, full of imagination, reading books by stealth at night, that fill her head with a world of pretty terrors, but a thorough hand at work, and what would be called in her own tongue, a “vitty, stewartly body.” She is over head and ears in love with Rab, a thrifty lad of the village, who has long been courting her, but who is kept at arm’s length, chiefly through Bet’s doubts as to the possibility of her mistress weathering “Hogg’s tantrums” without her help. To Hogg himself she is fearlessly outspoken, though never rude; and towards Bat, the last character in the piece—a little forlorn orphan apprentice on the farm—she displays a tenderness which must have done much to convince Rab that his heart had chosen rightly. The following humorous passage introduces the two lovers conversing, and describes a scene between Bat and his master:—

Bet. I’ve made a shurt to larn en his letters, and his prayers; and wan day a’ was kneeling to my knees, zaying arter me, “Give es this day our daily bread,” a’ ream’d up his neck, way his sweet begging eyes, and zaid, zart in my ear, “Mayn’t es az vor a crume o’ butter ‘pon’t?” I hugg’d en in, and zaid, “Be a good boy, and you wan’t lack butter ‘pon your bread.”

Rab. Pretty zoul! a’ made rare gammet vor es at the Pigeons, last neart, when a’ brought his Measter’s great coat. Hogg was then dwalling and palacering away about religion, as a’ always dith when a’ is half ago: “Come,” zis a’ to Bat, “stand vore, put your hands behind your back, and zay the chief end o’ man.”

Bet. A pretty time in an alehouse. Good now, a’ wager’d with Dame, that he’d teach en “The chief end o’ man” zooner than her shou’d his catechise.

Rab. Zo a’ went on—“Who made thee?” “God” (zaid Bat, and noddid his head). “What did God make thee vor?” The boy was at a stann. “Speak, munchance, what dost stand digging the head, and shuckening, as if thee was lousy. Speak, mooncalf.” “Ot did God make thee vor?” Bat look’d up zo harmless, and zaid, “To carry dung to Crowbear.” Bless es, what a hallabaloo was zet up; es cried a’ was right, his Measter look’d brinded, and the poor boy bost out a crying, when Hogg said, “You dunder-headed stunpole, you drumble drone, I wish I’d a good smart switch, I’d lerrick thee, till I made thee twine like an angle-twitch.”

Rab is, of course, not behindhand in urging Bet to remember his own sorrows, as well as those of her mistress, and he is at last able to tell her that he has secured “the prittiest houz in the parish, for the bigness o’ en,” which was once the home of an old dame, from whom both the lovers received their schooling. This puts Bet on a long and really charming story of the old dame’s last days and death, and of how she gave her, as a parting present, her Bible; “and when her had deliver’d en to me, ‘This,’ quoth her, ‘is the most precious thing I own. Take en,’ as my legacy. In it you’ll vind the title to a glorious estate, and how to make the estate your own.” Which made the neighbours whisper, “Poor zoul, her’s out o’ her parts; her’s telling dwale.”†

These reminiscences at length bring the tears to the good soul’s eyes, and oblige Rab to remind her that “thee mert now be owner of the houz, the garden, the cat, and the great tree, which, es hopes, want be cut down in our time.” To all which Bet answers charmingly:—

Bet. I hope zo, too, vor I shu’d like to bring out my knitting work, or my spinning turn, and zit there; and then I mert happen to zee thee, when you be to work. Dear heart! what strange things come to pass. When I used to think how happy any body mert live in such a sweet place, I could ne’er ha’ thort it wud come to my take, everything zo handy; a pretty cleming! oven, big enow to bake a batch o’ bread, water at the shet just by, the thorn hedge and garden, and the great tree. Poor zoul, her used to zit there summer yevlings, to zee the folks come fro’ market, and take in her arants, her had a ‘zent by ‘em. When I used to rede a story-book of a pritty place, I thort it must be like this.

The pair then fall to reckoning up their possessions, and after Rab has told of “a pritty plat o’ taty ground, and household goods enow,” Bet runs over her little store:—

Bet. My modicum is but forty shillings, coming to me vor wages, two silver postle spoons, my mother’s amber necklace and toadstone ring. What clothing I ha’ es come honestly by. I ha’n’t a screed to my back that isn’t paid vor. I ne’er go to tick, and ‘ot I ha’ will sarve for years, way a leet patching. Then aunt Madge hath a’ promis’d me a butt o’ bees when I married, vor house-warming.

The Dialogue is full of isolated phrases possessing great interest in various ways. “To go a lade and back lary” (to go loaded and back empty) suggests the German *leer*, and is paralleled by the expression “to feel leery,” common in many parts of the south-west on the lips of an exhausted or hungry person. “To zee the zin dance on Easter Day” is a memorial of an old legend also alluded to (as the glossary tells us) in the following ballad verse:—

But, Dick, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter Day
Is half so fine a sight.

“With a sissary,” used like the phrase, “with a vengeance,” is corrupted from “with a certiorari.” “Stewartly,” for “notable,” or “housewifely,” we have noticed before; “bowerly” is another interesting epithet of a country dame, denoting—like the Scotch *birdly*—a comely presence, with the notion of tallness involved. “Rather high to instep” conveys well the notion of a slightly haughty manner. A woman who has chosen an ill husband out of a crowd of lovers is commemorated in the proverb, “Hard to go thro’ the wood, and take a crooked stick at last.” And to keep a house neat and orderly is “to keep it in Pimlico,” the connexion

* A Blindworm.

† Talking incoherently.

‡ Earthenware.

between which phrase and the name of the district in London we leave to *Notes and Queries* to unravel.

Altogether, apart from the interest derived from its authorship, this little book will be found, by those who are lucky enough to meet with a copy, to possess an intrinsic value of a very uncommon kind. The Dorset poetry of William Barnes, that storehouse of rare and pleasant pictures drawn from country life, supplies the only parallel to Mrs. Palmer's dialogue with which we are acquainted. The resemblance between the two is sometimes very close and striking; here and there one seems to have the same thought in a prose and poetical garb. Vivid descriptive power was Mrs. Palmer's greatest gift; and, like Mr. Barnes, she is continually drawing across her pictures a line of keen humour or of genuine pathos.

DENMARK AND SWEDEN.

THE recent interchange of visits between the Kings of Denmark and Sweden has excited a great deal of interest in the two countries. Royal meetings generally include fully as much business as pleasure, and though both Charles and Frederick are constitutional monarchs, their numerous interviews, at some of which members of their respective Cabinets were present, may be followed by considerable results. A good understanding between Sweden and Denmark is desirable, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of Europe. If the union between Denmark and Sweden and Norway were complete, Scandinavia would neither invite the covetousness of her foes, nor be compelled to invoke the interference and protection of her friends. Germany has shown, in her dealings with Denmark, how even a numerous and incongruous Federation can act with something like unanimity for purposes of aggression, and there is no reason why the two Northern States should not combine for purposes of security and defence. They are one people in race and language, and they possess, in a complete community of interests, a still surer bond of union than the fraternal feelings which their common nationality inspires. The desire for a cordial understanding and a united policy is not wanting in either country. Old feuds have left no bad blood. Even if Denmark were disposed to bear any grudge for the loss of Norway, it is merged in the anxiety for support which her harassing relations with Germany engender. The Scandinavian idea, as it is called, is the one subject on which all parties are agreed. The Government and the Opposition organs of the press are at one as to the end, and differ only as to the means. The Danish Government is charged with discouraging the advances of Sweden by a lukewarm and vacillating policy; and the Conservative newspapers retort that the patriotic cause is perpetually damaged by the imprudence of the Opposition press. The students of the Universities, who include in these countries all who will afterwards take part in public life, are holding international meetings and passing resolutions to declare the necessity of a united Scandinavia. Though the Universities are perhaps the most zealous, they are not the only part of the educated public that is forward in the popular movement. The sympathy of older and cooler heads has been lately announced at a meeting of political economists at Gottenburg, and other learned bodies have followed the same example. No doubt it is peculiarly difficult to appreciate the tendency and the genuineness of a national movement in countries which have not been long accustomed to free institutions. Even where there is no suspicion of management and intrigue, no thought of universal suffrage in the French sense, there may yet be a barren propagandism on the part of the professors and lawyers who form the raw material of Continental politicians and statesmen. The proceedings of the students and *savans* in Denmark and Sweden undoubtedly recall similar demonstrations in Germany which have never borne any wholesome fruit. But the Northern nations have neither the same difficulties to encounter, nor have they ever betrayed the same inaptitude for political action. Sweden is animated by a laudable ambition to take a higher place among European Powers, and the national spirit of Denmark has always been kept up by danger from without, as well as by the memory of her former greatness. The stimulus which free institutions have added to public spirit is unequivocally evinced by the vitality and excellence of the press. If the two countries, therefore, desire to approach each other more nearly, they ought to be able to carry out their purpose.

"The frontier of Scandinavia is the Eyder," is a saying attributed to the late King of Sweden, who saw the importance of a close alliance between the kindred nations. His overtures were not cordially responded to by Denmark, because the country and the Government were then pledged to the policy of a complete incorporation of Holstein in the kingdom. That policy, however, is now abandoned, and King Oscar's motto expresses the wishes of nearly all parties. But unity is obviously an ambiguous word. It may mean merely a united foreign policy, or it may mean a complete dynastic union; or, in the opinion of the nations interested, it may mean something between the two. It is not, at first sight, obvious what obstacle can stand in the way of a simple defensive alliance, which would secure the more pressing objects of union without raising the alarming difficulties which, in the eyes of a foreigner, make any other alternative appear almost impracticable. But the Swedes and the Danes reason differently, and they appeal both to events and to national feeling. They cannot bear to abandon the idea of a powerful and united Scandinavia; and, on the other hand, the question of Holstein continues to embarrass every effort to combine for a common purpose.

Sweden is naturally reluctant to invite the attentions of the German Confederation by incurring a direct or indirect responsibility for Holstein. She refuses to bind up her interests with those of a kingdom which has such an ulcer in its side. The experiment of incorporating Holstein having failed, Denmark is perfectly ready to entertain the idea of parting with it altogether; but whereas she considers that any step in that direction can only be ventured upon on the strength of a close alliance with Sweden, Sweden is disposed to stipulate for the separation of the German duchy as an essential preliminary to further negotiation. It is natural for Sweden to follow the cautious policy proper to a small and rising State, and the present situation of affairs gives her an advantage in treating with Denmark; but this advantage may be pursued so far as to defeat more important interests. Denmark avows her weakness, and her need of aid from the so-called brother-people. The effect—perhaps a salutary effect—of Lord Russell's project of September, 1862, has been to inspire a profound distrust in the protection of the Western Powers. The Danes may be re-assured as to the intentions of a particular Cabinet, but they fear lest their safety should ever come to depend on the *fiat* of a Minister who does not understand their position. They write under the process of dismemberment to which they have been so long subjected, and are ready to throw themselves into the arms of Sweden. On the other hand, the hugbear of Holstein has produced a kind of contradiction in Swedish public opinion. The project of an alliance with Denmark, as she stands, is in many quarters unpopular; but if Scandinavian soil were violated, if a shot were fired across the frontier of Schleswig, every Swede would be eager to fly to the rescue. On the Danish side of the question there is much to be said. Simply to cut Holstein loose would certainly be to get rid of an embarrassment; but it would be at the expense of making a present to the enemy of a fine province without receiving any equivalent in return, and removing a material barrier between Denmark and her aggressive and dangerous neighbour. More than that, it might easily amount to a declaration of war. While it would gratify the cupidity of Prussia, whose dreams of maritime greatness all include the acquisition of the harbour of Kiel, no concession would be made to the demands of the Frankfort Diet. These are always based on the principle of indissoluble union between Schleswig and Holstein, and no claim is made for the separation of either from the Danish monarchy. It is well understood that Holstein must go some day, and that, while it remains, it is a source of weakness and not of strength. A measure which should for ever separate the two duchies, being the one conclusion most fatal to Germanizing ambition, would probably be the signal for an immediate crusade upon Schleswig. Here Sweden would step in. She might, however, be too late to save her ally; and the Danes fairly argue that if war is to be the certain result of compliance with the Swedish stipulation when undertaken by Denmark alone, she ought to have the support and co-operation of Sweden from the outset. If she were known to possess this, it would afford the best chance of a peaceful solution. Nor can it be said that Denmark would be the only gainer by the alliance. Sweden has reason to know the inconveniences which attend proximity to an imperious and powerful neighbour. To be able, in times of danger, to rely on the gratitude and good faith of a warlike maritime Power would greatly add to her strength. Indeed, alliance with Denmark is almost essential to her complete independence, and her ambitious hopes for the future can never be realized without a still closer union. How such a union is to be brought about it is idle to speculate; but the result is so much to be wished for, and the aspiration is so deeply rooted in the hearts of both populations, that it cannot be altogether lost sight of. Charles XV.'s only child is a daughter, and a marriage between her and Prince Frederick of Denmark is a possible event. But the law of succession in Sweden is agnatic, and it is not probable that one of the great obstacles to union will be overcome in that way.

Meanwhile, the Danish political horizon looks brighter than it has done for some time. The declaration of Lord Palmerston, that, in the event of an attack on Schleswig, Denmark would not stand alone, is understood to refer to despatches received by our own and the French Government from the Swedish Minister. The result of the meeting of the Kings is looked for with still greater interest. It can hardly mean less than an earnest attempt on the part of the Swedish Government to meet Denmark half way, and to overcome the hindrances to a united policy. At so critical a time, the almost ostentatious cordiality of the royal friends, and the long conversation which the King of Sweden had, at his own request, with President Hall, the head of the Danish Cabinet, are not unreasonably looked upon as significant events. The importance of the royal conferences is also illustrated by a proposal which was made in the Swedish Parliament immediately before the King's departure, but was deferred till his return, to raise an extraordinary loan of six millions of dollars, and by the visit of Prince Oscar of Sweden to Copenhagen, where, as High Admiral of Sweden, he inspected the fleet. There is reason to hope that so unmistakable advances on the part of Sweden indicate a forthcoming alliance.

THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

THE meetings of the Wesleyan Conference recently held at Sheffield were full of incidents that illustrate the remarkable system under which this denomination of Dissenters is ruled, and which has contributed to bring it to a degree of prosperity that

astounds the most ardent member of the connexion. The Wesleyans combine, in a far greater degree than any other Non-conformist body, practical business-like qualities with religious zeal. It is entirely within the compass of a man's life that they have risen from the very smallest beginning to a society of vast dimensions. Many of their members now alive remember the time when Wesleyans were very few, much scattered, and almost exclusively in straitened circumstances. Now they are all over the world, and their wealth is such that they can afford to spend 134,887*l.*, in one year alone, in the erection of new chapels and the repair of old ones. When it was proposed the other day to celebrate a jubilee in this present year, a member gave 2,000*l.* at once towards the fund, and several others 250*l.* each. That much of this success is due to the excellent management of their affairs, and to the constancy of their aim and study to push on, very few Wesleyans will deny. They are ruled upon principles similar to those which produce success in commercial undertakings. They are always pushing out their arms to take a wider grasp of the world; they seldom loose their hold when they have secured it; they strive to pay their way, and they endeavour to keep up good discipline among their members. If they are not always successful in this last object, the failure is probably owing rather to intrinsic defects in their system than to any want of energy or conscientiousness in its administration. Every one who has travelled much about the country must have observed with what tenacity of purpose the Wesleyans set about their work. In the most isolated and unpromising spots they settle down, and soon get a congregation around them. If the people are too poor to support the minister, he is assisted out of a fund kept up for this express purpose. In Wales, especially in the southern part, there is scarcely a homestead on the most barren mountain which is not visited occasionally by an itinerant preacher. The shepherd who lives a thousand feet above the valley where his nearest neighbours are seldom hears the voice of a stranger save that of the roving Wesleyan. Go where you will in the Principality, the Wesleyan is sure to be within sight or call. Thirty miles beyond the Land's End they have a "circuit," and a hundred miles beyond John o'Groat's they have another—in the Scilly and the Shetland Isles. At the Conference last week a subscription was announced from a little station in the heart of Africa. A hard-working society like this is entitled to respect; and but for the fact that, in common with all Dissenters, Wesleyans are very jealous and impatient of criticism, it would not have been necessary to add an assurance that we have no unfriendly object in pointing out the incidents in their recent Conference which throw a peculiar light upon their constitution. As, however, a Wesleyan Conference is a mystery to people who are not Wesleyans, there can be no harm in seeking to explain it by means of their official reports.

The Wesleyans change their President every year, and they alter the stations of their ministers every three years. This year there was rather a close contest for the office of President, one candidate receiving 122 votes, and the successful one—Dr. Osborn—129. Voluminous reports were read of the progress of the body, and the ministers discussed, day after day, various questions relating to their internal affairs. Sometimes ladies, with whom they were "temporarily residing," were admitted to hear them. All the reports concurred in showing that the Society is making extraordinary progress. During the past year, the Committee "sanctioned 230 cases of erections or enlargements" of chapels and schools. The children collected over 1,600*l.* for foreign missions. Ninety new chapels had been commenced, and their estimated cost was above 85,000*l.* The net amount actually paid for schools and chapels was 143,361*l.* These figures are convincing proofs of prosperity, and it is not surprising that the Rev. T. Jackson, who has been a Wesleyan minister for fifty-nine years, should declare that he "was perfectly astounded and overpowered by them." Perhaps, also, it was partly owing to their effect upon the mind of the new President, Dr. Osborn, that he told the Conference he had always believed "that the Methodist Conference was the best of all assemblies short of the New Jerusalem." A "deputation" from America expressed the same sentiment in language which smacked strongly of his native land:—

Living away, Sir, as it were, in one of the remote extremities of this great body, where the blood flows purely, it is true, but in a smaller current, I had no idea of the intense throbbings of the great heart of our venerable body, and I stood appalled in the presence of the manifestations of life which I saw, which I heard, and which I felt.

By what process Wesleyans bring themselves to listen to eloquence such as this without smiling is less easy to explain than their flourishing condition. Force of habit or of associations somehow leads many of their preachers to deal in language which, though doubtless sincere enough, sounds like cant, and is nothing else than professional slang at the very best. They seem to think that honest plain English is not good enough for them to describe their feelings. They must fine it down, and "Scripturalize" it, and throw into it a leaven of pulpit phrases, so as to give it, as they say, an awakening power. The American brother went a little further than the rest, particularly when he spoke of the jubilee:—

Sir, this is the year of Jubilee. Oh! the year of Jubilee is come. I was so glad I heard Mr. Arthur when he uttered those words the other morning; and I thought that Jubilee sound would swell across the Atlantic, that its undulations could not die away till they reached our distant shores.... If we could only get one blast of that trumpet to vivify our Theological Fund, why we will love you all the more.

We do not know why it should be thought improper to speak on any subject without trying to find sanctified words. The con-

stant effort of the speakers to talk good must have had sometimes an effect exactly the reverse of that which they desired to produce. Unfortunately, the ludicrous impression was produced when the subject dwelt upon was in itself so serious that common words such as people use in daily life were alone needed. Among the reports presented was one containing an account of all the ministers who had died the preceding year. This document was written throughout in transcendental language, and the way in which it sought to give biographical facts the proper pious tinge was quite irresistible. This is one of the notices:—

J. C.—Converted in early life. His discourses were marked by great lucidity, and were delivered with much solemnity and earnestness. Manner courteous. His last words were, &c. &c.

What can be more grotesque than this sudden and curt reference to the poor gentleman's personal manner? It is as brief as a price current, and is mentioned as though courtesy was a rare and noteworthy quality among Wesleyan ministers. Surely it is a hard doom to have one's biography done in this fashion. "He preached well, and was civil." It may be that this exhausts the catalogue of his good qualities, but we might as appropriately have been told whether it was the fortune of the deceased to wear false teeth or not. The memoir recalls that part of the inscription on the Welsh organ-blower which also praises a courteous manner:—

No reflection on him for rude speech could be cast,
Though he made our old organ give many a blast.
No puffer was he, though a capital blower,
He could fill double G, and now lies a note lower.

Better to die unrecorded than to be summed up in three lines of such language as does justice to the memory of J. C.

Perhaps the most singular portion of the proceedings was the public service held for the examination of candidates for the ministry. There had been a conversation on the subject of preaching, in the course of which the President said—"It is all over with John-Wesley Methodism if young men read their sermons." "Reading sermons, as a habit," he added, "is not Methodistical." Yet it may be that many an excellent man might be capable of doing good service by reading his sermons, who would be totally useless as an extempore preacher. It does not seem a discreet thing to lay down a rule like this, but all the arrangements of the Society in connexion with their ministers are peculiar. According to the description of the plan given by the President himself, the candidate begins his work as a local preacher, and passes a preliminary examination. Then he goes before a quarterly meeting of the circuit, then before the annual district meeting, where he undergoes another examination, and, again, before a committee, who report to the Conference. He remains on probation four years, and is then examined by the Conference, first privately, and then publicly. At this public examination the candidate must tell the people how and when he became "converted," and must enter into a description of his past life. It would be curious to know what is the exact order of mind which could submit to a test like this, and go through it successfully. Certainly no man without a considerable proportion of egotism and boldness in his character could comply with the condition. Viewing it in mere theory, it seems calculated rather to breed hypocrisy than to act as a safeguard against it, for the hypocrite would be best fitted to tell a tale of past depravity, while the sincere man might shrink from dwelling publicly on his shame. It must, however, be remembered that Wesleyan ministers are trained for this examination, and it is probable, therefore, that it does not shock them. At the recent Conference, the candidates for ordination made statements which, Wesleyans will forgive us for saying, must very much surprise the stranger. One said, he had been the subject of spiritual "stirrings" in early life, but "did not yield to them till he was fifteen." Another, whose memory was still better, told the congregation that "before he was eight years of age he was deeply convinced of his sinfulness." This was, indeed, a wonderful child, but the succeeding speaker went still further, and declared "he could never remember the time when he was not the subject of the stirrings of the Holy Spirit." Another said, "he was converted when he was thirteen years of age." Even more extraordinary was the case of the next candidate, who fixed his conversion in his eleventh year; and he was followed by one who, according to the published reports, said:—

At the age of thirteen he earnestly sought the pearl of great price; but through keeping his religious state a secret, he brought upon himself great anguish of soul.

Finally, a candidate eclipsed all his predecessors by assuring the audience that he "had from infancy been subject to religious impressions." People who are not Wesleyans will wonder very much that such statements as these should be deemed conclusive proof of a man's fitness for the Christian ministry. There is nothing more extraordinary in the Wesleyan system than this public exhibition of their future preachers, and there are certainly few churches in which a man would be thought the better of for being proud of religious impressions which dated from infancy.

Wesleyans can bear to have these peculiarities of their system pointed out, for, as we have said, they are a successful body, and what is more, they never cease to try to increase their success. We may forget their students born with "impressions," as other children are born with a caul, and struggling with sin when their companions were making dirt-pies, in consideration of the fact that at their recent Conference there was but one solitary instance of

the display of an intolerant spirit. The author of this was a Mr. Fowler, spoken of as a rising young man of Methodism. The President had impressed upon the Conference the duty of being tolerant of all other sects, but Mr. Fowler, being a young man, knew better than Dr. Osborn what was a Christian's duty. He made a speech at one of the meetings, in which he said that if they could—

Extend their efforts to home villages, where the people were ground to the earth by a tyrannical Church system which left them in darkness, he believed that Methodism would fulfil one of its noblest works.

This was absolutely the only "outpouring" of a narrow-minded bigotry that occurred throughout the Conference; and perhaps, when the rising young man who was the source of it grows older, he will find that a large and liberal spirit will, after all, be of more help to him in his work than the most thrilling religious experiences of infancy.

JAPANESE ART.

MR. JOHN LEIGHTON, a well-known student in the daily enlarging field of decorative art, has printed a brief but interesting lecture on the art of Japan, which he delivered lately before the Royal Institution. The limits of a single discourse did not afford scope for an exhaustive treatment of this curious subject; but Mr. Leighton has given several valuable suggestions. A fashion—which, we trust, may ultimately become a real liking—for newer and more varied decoration than we have lately been accustomed to receive at the hands of mere commercial upholsterers, is decidedly growing up in England, and taking somewhat the same place in regard to our dwellings that Gothic has already taken in public works of an ecclesiastical or civic order. People are no longer satisfied to repeat that scanty stock of Greek ornaments to which the genius of our century appears unable to make any essential addition. The pomps of Louis Quatorze and the vanities of Louis Quinze—the world, the flesh, and the devil, as we may fairly call the art of Lebrun and the art of Boucher—are happily out of date; whilst the Italian and Gothic styles are, at present, practically confined to a few wealthy experimentalists. In this state of things, men have naturally turned their eyes to the only living schools of decorative art in existence; and many circumstances having lately brought the productions of the far East easily within our reach, a useful service would be conferred upon us by any one who, with competent taste and knowledge, should now make us acquainted with the principles which underlie the excellence attained in India, China, and Japan.

Whilst we have indicated, by our last suggestion, that this work has yet to be done, and may add that, except by some one who has personally visited the countries named, it can hardly be done with thoroughness, a few hints on the subject may be given, on the strength of the materials already before us. One of the most curious facts in relation to Japanese art is well brought out by Mr. Leighton. We are apt to think of Indian designs as wild and varied in comparison with European. But Japan, further East, carries to still greater lengths the same passion for irregularity. Patterns which, in idea, are common to both countries, in Japan assume a less symmetrical arrangement. In fact, the law of Japanese ornamentation appears to be, that exact repetition of parts, and perfect balance of form, should be reserved for the expression of religious feeling; whilst, in the secular or common-life regions of art, the pains taken to avoid symmetry and evenness are as great as the pains we take to secure them. The commonest little boxes of this singular people, such as may be bought for sixpence each in Regent Street, are studiously divided from angle to angle by oblique lines of colour; often a bit of pattern strangely comes in at the corner, cutting across the main design; and the birds and flowers which they paint so admirably in dyed bark, in direct opposition to the rules of heraldry, are carefully placed in the unexpected and unsymmetrical portions of the "field." We hear tales of the Japanese feudal nobility which are close counterparts to what we know of their Western brethren during the ages of faith and chivalry; but we cannot imagine anything which would seem more barbarous in Japanese eyes than the quarterings of a great French or English family, parted into its dexter and sinister, and coloured in equal defiance of taste with its arrangement.

This peculiarity of Japanese decoration, however it may have been reached—probably by instinctive true taste—might, we think, be summed up by saying that decorative art in Japan is based on the same principle as pictorial art. The same avoidance of identical forms or symmetrical arrangements, the same desire to conceal the art beneath a look of nature, guides a painter amongst us, as a decorator amongst them. In other words, they draw no sharp line between art pictorial and art decorative. And we cannot too highly commend, or too carefully study, this idea. No sounder canon was ever laid down by the best writers, or worked out by the best artists. It is, in fact, the course followed by all European schools which have been really great in ornament—being true of Greek, Italian, and Byzantine decoration (the latter inheriting directly from the old Hellenic traditions) not less than of Romanesque and Gothic. Artists have succeeded in this, as Mr. Ruskin ably pointed out in one of his lectures, in exact proportion as they were arduous and successful in the study of human form and of natural facts. You cannot have good designing in patterns for your dress, unless the designer can draw the figure beneath the dress as well. It is impossible to set out a diaper, or devise figures for a wall or a carpet, unless the artist is familiar with leaves, and

boughs, and flowers—nay, unless he habitually lives in the study of these, and only gives his less numerous hours to drawing ornament. Hence, amongst other reasons, the want of life and feeling in most decorative details in our new buildings, as is conspicuously the case in the Palace at Westminster, where the indescribable badness of the figures which people the niches prepares us for the failure in much of what is meant for simply ornamental work. It is astonishing that the now deceased artist who executed a great portion of all this (a Mr. Thomas), should have been selected for special praise by a writer in the *Art Review*, with a complaint that, in any country but England, he would have been held worthy of a seat in the Academy. *Adieu amen!*

To avoid introducing a digressive argument above, we confined our remarks, it will be seen, to European decorative art. And it is possible that our readers may have thought that this limitation proved the law which we stated to be partial or one-sided. A superficial knowledge of Oriental art would, indeed, appear to confirm this, especially if bastard and mechanical Arabic decoration, such as that of the Alhambra, be tacitly referred to. But not the least curious part of our more extended acquaintance with the East shows that, under certain peculiar conditions, the same law holds good there, and that success in decoration stands in a close ratio to success in studying natural form. Thus, in India, the magnificent ancient architecture which Mr. Fergusson has illustrated and explained was filled with figure-sculpture, whilst the capitals and cornices show careful study of the native flora. In China, we have long known in some degree, through the earthenware of the country, that the representation of human subjects held a high place in their art; and although comparatively fewer specimens of Chinese pictures have been imported, yet these have received the most emphatic praise from judges like Stothard and Leslie. Japan, lastly, the most perfect of the three countries in decoration, is that in which all the other branches of art have been carried furthest. The small ivory carvings and castings in brass are by far the most natural and vivid work of the kind which we have seen from any Oriental source; whilst the fine and true feeling of the Japanese, not only for birds, and beasts, and vegetation, but for landscape in its larger features, is shown with equal clearness in the lacquer-work and the popular coloured books which have been lately brought over. In these, besides a certain limited but decidedly marked sense of humour, there appears to be considerable dramatic power in the human figures; and the landscape backgrounds are not merely characteristic in themselves, but seem also, so far as we can decipher the plot of the stories, to take their place in illustrating the sentiment of the scene, as they do in the pictures of Hogarth or Leslie.

Whilst, however, we feel high admiration for Japanese and other real Oriental art, and, in comparison with the decorative work of any existing European school, think it very markedly superior, it is at the same time curious to notice the limits beyond which it seems unable to pass. As we observe something in the Greek sculpture and poetry which seems to restrain even Hellenic genius by laws imperative as those of nature, and to prevent Phidias or Sophocles from exactly reaching modern sentiment, so the best Oriental artist finds his hand stayed—if not always, yet apparently with the rarest exceptions—at that stage in art which, by a rather misleading phrase, we call decorative, in opposition to pictorial. A more correct definition might be, that the Oriental work does not go beyond conventional rendering of natural forms, and does not seem animated by any force of human feeling or intellect. It thus falls essentially, with all its excellence, into a secondary rank, although it owes, as we before said, that excellence to the fact that it does not aim at being simply decorative, but is the best form of art which the craftsmen can compass, and is successful exactly in proportion to their power over human form and the facts of nature. It was with reference to these qualities that we spoke of the Alhambra decoration as bastard and mechanical. Nothing could be more unlucky for French and English taste than that this, by the accident of its locality, should have been brought before the public as the type of Oriental art, since it has little to recommend it except a certain ingenuity of linear arrangement and pleasantness of colour. This is what we should theoretically expect of a school of decoration not founded on the study of natural phenomena; and the rare occurrence of any natural forms in Arabic ornament, with their unskilful handling when attempted, appears to us (in the dearth of detailed illustration or rational criticism on the matter) to confirm our view. From such wretched figures as the lions of the Alhambra we should expect that even the fine Oriental taste in decoration would go no further than the labyrinthine networks of the court enclosing them. In fact, if we may venture on a conjecture, we should be disposed to think that the Arabs—who, so far as blood and race are concerned in national characteristics, are not, it must be remembered, of the stocks which peopled India or the Transindian regions—were as little gifted with originality in art as in intellect. As they took what science they had from Greece, so we should look for the elements of their art in Byzantium and the little-known Armenian and Iranian provinces. But we leave this to the decision of such of our Oriental travellers, if such there be, as may think the relics of the wonderful and romantic early civilization of those countries better worth describing than adventures in the harem or records of the rifle, in which tiger and boar follow the fate of tiger and boar with unerring and unvarying monotony.

In truth, the qualities of Oriental art—its unaffected *simplicité*, its excellent but limited conventionality, and its unflinching success in colour—are or seem like what we vaguely, but intelligibly, speak of as gifts of instinct, rather than manifestations of the human

mind. But this should not deter us from valuing Eastern technical skill. It gives high pleasure within its degree—pleasure high in proportion to the intellectual cultivation of the spectator, who can trace its qualities to their origin, and can compare it with the loftier, but often less perfect, attempts of the Western Indo-Germanic races. As a contrast and a lesson to us, not less than as a thing complete and admirable in its way, the productions of India, China, and Japan deserve our most careful study. Indeed, they have many minor points of tasteful execution and idea which we have not noticed, because, even with the indispensable aid of illustration, they would, we fear, hardly be even recognised by English eyes, wearied and blunted as they are by the everlasting succession of mechanical and mindless decorative failures which encumber us in every direction, from chromoliths and the machine-ruled prints of the *Art Journal* to patent marbles enamelled on slate or *papier-maché*, and leather embossed to look like oak carving. As a contrast and a remedy to this side of our civilization, Oriental art has a peculiar value; and we are in no danger of adopting the special tone of character and grade of faculties, so far as these are lower or less intellectual than our own, in which Oriental art has its origin. The works of the Bengal School of Design, exhibited at the International, with some pieces even of Japanese ware, show rather that the danger is in quite an opposite direction. Letting alone the risk of war, there is great danger lest the fine instinctive craft of the East should be marred or ruined by imitation of the worst Occidental types. Several of the specimens alluded to were in the most debased and unmeaning English style. So far as this is done officially and on system, we trust it will be put down by public taste. In the region of art there could hardly be a greater evil than an importation, not from Japan to South Kensington, but of South Kensington into Japan.

CLOSE OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON.

THE Lyceum and the Princess's having closed last week, and the doors of the Haymarket, open for two years or more without interruption, having been shut for some time past, it is not too much to say that the theatrical season of 1862-63 is at an end. The days have long gone by when there was a winter season that terminated in summer, and a summer season that faded away in the early winter; and the freaks of fortune, rather than the dictates of the almanac, now mark off theatrical periods. Guided by such freaks, the chronologist himself can scarcely help being capricious; and if the Adelphi, still vivacious on the strength of its ghost, the Olympic, still prosperous with its *Ticket-of-Leave*, and the Strand, merry with its last burlesque, declare that it is unreasonable to announce a stop while they are still going on, we must imitate a sentence of Johnson's, and assert that reason can have little to do in treating of circumstances that have nothing like reason for their origin. Even nature in her slightest moods never drew a black line through Greenwich which should run all round the globe, dividing it into Orient and Occident hemispheres; and probably some tall man, in a horizontal position, may justifiably complain of the arbitrary conduct of geographers, who have so thoroughly dichotomized him that his head is in the East while his heels are in the West. Nevertheless, a meridian must be imagined somewhere, and, for want of a better, we accept that which derives a sort of astronomic sanction from the site of our observatory. At all events, nobody is really injured by the demarcation—an imaginary line effects only an imaginary section.

Looking back, then, at a season which we may suppose to have begun somewhere about last October, and to have ended now, we cannot avoid being struck by a remarkable fact—namely, that among the theatrical works produced during that period there seems to be no medium between utter insignificance and monstrous longevity. If plays were living things, we might fancy they constituted an animal kingdom of which some of the subjects were Methuselahs, while all the rest were ephemerides. Mediocrity is not usually regarded as a condition that excites admiration, however philosophers may descant on the lustre of the "golden mean;" but still, to a large number of persons permanently resident in the capital, who, without being professed play-goers, would gladly vary their other amusements with not unfrequent visits to the theatre, a series of middling successes would come as a positive boon. The very long "runs," as they are called (though they might more properly be termed long still-standings), tend to make the Londoner forgetful of his theatres altogether. He saw the *Duke's Motto* last January, and thus consumed the Lyceum some seven months ago. Soon afterwards a version of *Lady Audley's Secret* enabled him to make short work of the St. James's. Lord Dundreary retired from the Haymarket, to leave the world in uninterrupted enjoyment of *Finesse*. The *Ticket-of-Leave* and the *Haunted Man* become respectively fixtures at the Olympic and the Adelphi; and Madlle. Stella Colas had no sooner established herself at the Princess's than *Romeo and Juliet* was stereotyped in the bills. Nor was the run of these pieces otherwise than exceptionally broken by the revival of any of those stock plays which, in old days, retained their attractive power in spite of the competition with fresh works, and which, in fact, constituted the substantial part of dramatic entertainment. Now the patron of the theatres must see the last successful novelties—good, stout novelties that will stand at least eight months' wear and tear—or he must withhold his patronage altogether. It is through the lack, not of novelty but of change, that the Londoner ceases to take a lively interest in the living drama. Delightful work as the

Duke's Motto may be, the excitement it produces will necessarily be a little weakened when, for a third time, one has steadily followed its skilfully-contrived chain of startling situations.

During the maintenance of the patents, variety in the entertainments to be given in the course of a week was such a matter of course that a playbill for each particular evening stood prominent among diurnal publications. Then bills were printed twice a week, two changes in the course of six days being deemed the minimum of variation. More lately, two changes have been considered excessive, and a permanent entertainment on "Monday and during the week" is habitually announced, both in the bills and in the daily papers. The change began with the minor theatres, when these were distinguished from the houses devoted to the performance of the legitimate drama. At the old Adelphi, in the time of Mr. Yates, a decidedly successful melodrama would "run" as uninterruptedly, though not so long, as at the present time, and bills printed weekly were sufficient to acquaint the public with the operations of the establishment; while the presentation of a varying course of dramatic literature seemed to be imposed as a kind of duty on the patentees. We believe there was even a by-law—having no force, of course, but that of custom—by which Monday was devoted to the performance of tragedy, and that for many years this was rigidly observed at Drury Lane and Covent Garden. This law, if it existed, was probably founded on the conviction that tragedy rather than comedy affords gratification to the working classes, with whom St. Monday is the patron of an hebdomadal festival. Through the revolution that was completed in favour of theatrical free-trade some twenty years since, the practice that had once marked an inferior position became all but universal.

Plainly to show the great difference between the aspect of theatrical bills as they were circulated at the beginning of the present century, and the appearance which they present now, we give a brief record of the principal incidents that respectively marked the season, at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, commencing with the autumn of 1802 and ending with the summer of 1803. We select that season simply because it preceded the days when anything like serious rivalry on the part of unpated establishments was within the sphere of possibility, and at the same time is not so remote as to lie beyond the reach of modern tradition. The times of a middle-aged man's father must, to a great extent, be practically his own. David Garrick now belongs to history—printed history; not so John Kemble, though he retired in 1817. With respect, then, to the season 1802-3:—Drury Lane opened on the 16th of September with Farquhar's *Inconstant*, which was followed by the *West Indian*, the *Brothers*, *Cymbeline*, the *Jew*, and the *Rivals*—a series showing that Cumberland's works were at that time exceedingly popular. On the 7th of October, Stephen Kemble, famed for his obesity, made his first appearance as Falstaff in *Henry IV.*, and then came the *Winter's Tale*, the *Gamster*, the *Castle Spectre*, the *Jealous Wife*, *Mary Queen of Scots* (a tragedy by the Hon. John St. John), the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the *Suspicious Husband*, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, the *Beggar's Opera*, *Deaf and Dumb*, Douglas, *Twelfth Night*, the *Beaux' Stratagem*, *Lovers' Vows*, the *Wonder*, the *Busy-Body*, *Venice Preserved*, *Every Man in his Humour*, *Bold Stroke for a Wife*, *Trip to Scarborough*, the *Count of Narbonne* (a tragedy by Jephson), and the *Orphan*. None of these works were new, but, with such a varied selection from the mass of stock plays, no one could complain of monotony. However, on the 20th of January, a play by Holcroft, entitled *Hear both Sides*, was brought out, and it was followed in less than a month by a tragedy written by Dimond on the subject of Gustavus Vasa, and entitled the *Hero of the North*. In the beginning of March, an actor from America named Cooper made his *début*, and played a few Shakespearian characters; and in April came another new comedy, called the *Marriage Promise*, of which Allingham was the author. Of the farces and other after-pieces, and of the benefits, we have said nothing.

At Covent Garden, which opened on the 13th of September with *Folly as it Flies*—a comedy by Reynolds, first brought out in the preceding year—Cooke was the great attraction, and went through a series of plays, which comprised *Richard III.*, *Hamlet*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Macbeth*, *Every Man in his Humour*, and the *Man of the World*. These were alternated with others in which he did not appear, and which comprised *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry IV.*, the *Suspicious Husband*, the *Cure for the Heart Ache*, the *Way to Get Married* (a comedy by Morton), and the *Beaux' Stratagem*. All these pieces were played in the interval between the opening and the 30th of October, when a new comedy by Reynolds, called *Delays and Blunders*, was brought out. Other novelties were Holcroft's *Tale of Mystery*, one of the earliest and (in its day) most famous of melodramas; the younger Colman's *John Bull*, of which it is recorded as an event little short of miraculous that it was played for forty-eight nights; and a version of Schiller's *Kabal und Liebe*, entitled the *Harper's Daughter*. Our list is by no means complete, but, without looking farther, surely here was enough for the inhabitants of a capital to talk about; and it must be admitted that the doings of the numerous playhouses of our own day, during a corresponding period of time, furnish a chronicle meagre indeed as compared with this record of two theatres. And it must be borne in mind that all the plays mentioned in our long lists were performed more or less completely, and that in the revival of the stock dramas there was nothing corresponding to that state of things, now too common, when, for the sake of some exceptional "star" companies are forced into a line of business for which they have not been trained. Covent Garden, in the particular year to which we have referred, had risen above Drury

Lane, which could offer nothing to compete with the attraction of George Frederick Cooke, then quite a new actor, and at the height of his fame. But the two managements were alike in this—that they regarded the great permanent repertory of established plays as the principal store from which their stages were to be supplied, and that they did not consider novelty a substitute for variety. That they had no notion of “runs” of two hundred nights, is sufficiently proved by the fact that a performance for forty-eight nights, which would now characterize a mere ordinary success, was considered a mark of fabulous good fortune in the once overrated, and now underrated, *John Bull*. Many of the plays above enumerated were indeed worthless enough, but there is not one among them that was deemed utterly insignificant in its day; and though probably few of our readers are familiar with the new plays by Holcroft and Reynolds that stand conspicuous in that list, there is no doubt they commanded a certain degree of attention from the fact that they had been written by authors of established popularity.

Be it distinctly understood that we are not comparing two theatres as they were sixty years ago with two theatres of the present day, but the aggregate amount of theatrical revival and production in 1802-3 with that in the season just over. And now comes the question, how is it that such unceasing variety was necessary to our fathers, whereas in our generation frequent change is simply a result of frequent failure, and shows that a manager has not yet been lucky enough to secure one of those robust works the number of whose days is to be counted by hundreds? We are not generally accustomed to consider the men of our own time so much more simple and patient in the matter of amusement than those of sixty years since, but, on the contrary, are inclined to believe that increased facility of locomotion has brought with it an increased love for varied recreation. The *à priori* reasoner would fairly infer that, when there are so many attractions, unknown to our fathers, which draw people away from the theatres, the managers in their own interest must change their bills more frequently than ever, in order to oppose one variety to another. Informed that the reverse is actually the case, the *à priori* reasoner would next conclude that the managers abandon competition in blank despair, and refrain from change as not worth the trouble it requires. But here, again, the reverse is actually the case. The all but interminable “run” is the sign, not of despair, but of triumph. Never is the manager more proud and delighted than when he can proclaim that his bill has remained unaltered for two-thirds of a solid twelvemonth. The fact is, indeed, of importance too overwhelming to be merely stated in a general announcement. To be treated with due respect it requires a separate advertisement, in which the numerical figure is the most conspicuous object. The present generation, then, is remarkably fickle and restless in the pursuit of amusements, craving variety more eagerly than any of its predecessors, while the theatrical managers present as little variety as possible, and thrive on their immobility. This is a strange paradox.

Some of our readers will possibly recollect the Diorama in the Regent's Park. Two large pictures were successively exhibited, and since, from certain optical considerations, they could not be conveniently moved, they remained stationary, while the room containing the spectators turned on a pivot. Something analogous to this arrangement takes place in the modern theatrical world. Change is as necessary now as it was sixty years ago; but now it takes place, not on the stage, but in the public. In the days of difficult locomotion, the Londoners were almost the sole patrons of the London theatres, and hence the interest excited by any particular work soon began to dwindle. In the days of quick locomotion, the theatres are thronged by audiences collected from all parts of the country; and if anything like celebrity has been attained by a production, a long time must elapse before the curiosity of so many persons can be satisfied, especially when they come, not together, but in separate batches. The Londoner goes to the theatre less than ever—even if he sees every novelty—for there is less variety to attract him. Plays last longer than ever, because there are more people to look at them. At Paris, the railways produce a result very similar, though not precisely identical. There, the authors are complaining that the managers, instead of producing new works, and thus encouraging contemporary talent, revive the old melodramas which were famous forty years ago, for the sake of visitors from the provinces, who now for the first time have an opportunity of seeing that of which they have heard so much. There, the old plays exclude the new, whereas here a few new plays last so long that they bar out all other plays, whether new or old. But in both cases the principle is the same. The increased patronage given by visitors from the country has diminished the necessity for consulting the tastes of the capital.

REVIEWS.

EUGÉNIE DE GUÉRIN.*

SO much has been written about Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin, and their remains have received such high praise from English critics, that it is scarcely possible to speak of the journal and letters of Eugénie without reference to what has been said about her already. An English reader intending to open this

* *Eugénie de Guérin. Journal et Lettres Publiées.* Par G. S. Trebutien. Paris: Didier. 1863.

volume would naturally ask, not only whether it is good, but whether it is as good as has been said. We think it would be easy to approach its pages with exaggerated expectations. If any one wishes to see the picture of a lady under the influence of a very strong but not morbid Catholicism, leading a quiet life in a very quiet part of France, and feeding her mind with a small stock of secular literature and a large religious library, such a picture will be found in the journal of Eugénie de Guérin. She had also great refinement and delicacy of style, a lively interest in the common objects of nature, and the feeling, if not the power, of poetry. Above all, her affection for her brother was one of those affections, so deep, so tender, so all-embracing, that are very rare in the history of the human heart. Literature, perhaps, has no parallel to the force and fervour, and at the same time self-respect, with which the affection of a sister is expressed. This volume is in its way unique. But it is difficult to say even thus much about it without the danger of misleading. The range of thought is very limited, the expression of feeling is very monotonous. There is nothing like genius in it, or the stamp of a great mind. As an illustration of the tendencies of Romanism, it is curious to find how assiduously Eugénie de Guérin cut herself off from every line of thought that was not directly religious, and how successfully she taught herself to see death everywhere in life, and to find nothing, in nature or in man, but the shroud and the tomb. But a book is not entertaining because it is an instructive illustration of Catholicism, nor is there any of the interest attaching to originality and genius in a graceful record of a country life and of an intense sisterly affection. As we read on, and, taking this volume in conjunction with the remains of Maurice de Guérin, learn gradually to associate ourselves with the course of sad events and sadder feelings through which the brother and sister passed, we lend ourselves with a deepening emotion to the record of their lives. And if we wish to become thoroughly acquainted with French literature during the last quarter of a century, both Maurice and Eugénie were writers far too remarkable to be omitted in our survey. But this is perhaps all that can be said, and although there is nothing in the criticism passed on them in England from which it is necessary to differ, yet it is as well to understand clearly the limitations to which the very high praise bestowed on their compositions must be taken as subject.

The journal of Eugénie de Guérin, as now published, begins at the end of 1834. Before that date, she had already written a journal for Maurice to see, but this first part of her writing is lost. It is continued with some regularity to the end of 1835. But in 1836 it was kept apparently very irregularly, and after the month of May in that year, there are no entries until the May of 1837. In that year, again, it was only in the month of May that she wrote, with the exception of one entry in June. From the beginning of 1838, the journal is kept without any long intermission until the end of September, when Eugénie went to Paris to be present at her brother's marriage. It is resumed in April 1839, three months before his death, and is continued until the 25th of May. On the 19th of July, 1839, Maurice died, and on the 21st we find an entry in the journal addressed to Maurice in heaven, and for three months there are entries at irregular intervals, all composed, like the old ones, as if for Maurice to see. Then she desisted from this painful task on her feelings, for, in her own words, “there was too much bitterness in this talking to him in the tomb;” and the remainder of the journal, which is continued for fifteen months more, down to the end of 1840, was written for an intimate friend of Maurice, who had begged her not to cease her writing, and this paper contains a long and most affecting account of the last hours of her brother. Thus the journal of Eugénie de Guérin was not like most journals. It was an account of what she did and thought, but it was only written when she felt disposed to write, and it was written for the perusal of another person. Far from thinking it a duty, as most writers of journals think it, to write something every day, she could hardly bring herself to indulge in what she feared was a loss of time. The whole of the early part is filled with the expression of her doubts and scruples as to the lawfulness of wasting in journal-writing minutes which might be devoted to prayer and good works. It is true that she always writes herself into a momentary conviction that she is doing right, but the recurrence of her doubts shows that she was never quite easy as to this possible violation of Christian duty; and, although she lived until 1848, she did not add to her journal during the last seven years of her life. The constant expression of scruples, in which it is impossible to concur, detracts from the interest of her journal; but, on the other hand, she was thus saved from that prolixity and that insipid booking of puerilities which make journals ordinarily among the most wearisome of human productions. The very fact, too, that her journal was meant for her brother to read, is a great advantage to it. It was meant for no one else to read, and is, therefore, a transcript of her inmost feelings and thoughts and aspirations; but it was meant for him to read, and is accordingly pervaded by a delicacy and reserve which are wanting in most compositions of the sort.

She has but two subjects—her love for Maurice and her religion. Her love for her brother did indeed pass the love of women. It was only for him that she could do anything. “I think,” she writes, in September 1835, “that you will find a charm in what I write; and this thought gladdens me, and helps me to go on; otherwise my heart would often remain shut up, through indolence, or through indifference for all that comes from my pen.” Once she told him how she yearned for the union in him of the brother and

the priest. In 1837, she says, "Ah, dear friend! how I regret that you are not a priest! How I should love to pass from the confidences of the heart to those of the soul! There would be in this a true spiritual sweetness." Sometimes these exalted feelings give way to those oddities from which deep affection is seldom free. In the early part of 1838, soon after Caroline, Maurice's betrothed, had paid a visit to Eugénie's home, we find her describing how she has found a very strange object of affection. "I have taken a liking to three leeches, which are now on my chimney-piece. I would not give them away or let them die. I change their water every day, and, if I do not at once see them all in the bottle, I examine them attentively; and all this because these leeches were brought here for Charles, and Charles came with Caroline, and Caroline came for you." As the hand of death began to fasten visibly on him, the pangs of this deep love tortured her more and more. One day, in the April preceding his death, she had news of him that she thought encouraging, and she wrote in her journal, "*I am happy to-day*, a phrase so rare with me that I underline it." Nothing can be more touching than the passage written on the second day after his death, in which she exclaims passionately, "O my friend Maurice, Maurice, art thou far from me, dost thou hear me?" and in which she goes on to express the wonder with which, having just returned from his grave, she finds herself writing to him as of old, as if he were only away in Paris. "Ah, my life," she continues, "will be a long mourning, with a widowed heart and without any tie of intimate union." And a few days later she pictures herself growing old, when the time will come that she will have no life except in the past—"the past that was spent with thee and by thy side, when thou wast young, and intelligent, and amiable, awakening the sensibility of all that approached thee, such as I see thee now, such as thou wast when thou leftst us." And a little later, in speaking to his friend of all that Maurice had been to her, she uses a quaint but picturesque expression, which may be taken as a summary of all the poetry which her love had awakened in her:—"Maurice and I were bound together in our inmost souls as if by ribbons of rose-colour."

As with all very religious persons, her religion was at once a torture and a consolation to her. She was always afraid that what she wanted to do was wrong, but she found an enduring happiness in the thoughts of the other world, and in prayer and religious reading. As we have said, she is perpetually arguing with herself whether she ought to write her journal or not. On one occasion, after an interval of ten months, we find her taking up her journal again, and saying that she had reaped no benefit from giving up, as she had lately done, her books, her writing, and her birds, and she takes comfort in thinking that the recluses of the Thebais allowed themselves as much relaxation as she did. Yet, at a subsequent time, she writes that she has been trying to divert her wearied mind with reading poetry, but cannot take much interest in it. "What, then, ought I to do? It is not good for me to write the overflowings of a troubled mind. I will let alone books and pens, I know something much better. I have tried it a hundred times—it is prayer—it is prayer that calms me." A week later she goes back again to her writing, and with all her old fondness for it. "It is as much a privation," she says, "for me not to touch my pen as it is for a musician not to touch his instrument." She deliberately gave up the composition of poetry as too secular a pursuit, and it was with evident satisfaction that, soon after Maurice's death, she was able to record that she cared no more for knowledge. "I do not read for instruction, but for the profit of my soul. Everything is for me a ladder to lead me to heaven." And then she adds, with a sort of saintly audacity not unminged with an earthly scorn of the earth:—"God knows my thoughts. If He did not see all, I would make Him see all. I could not do without the Divine approbation in my life and my affections; but I care very little for the approbation of men, and still less for that of women." And, in a fragment written after the close of her journal, she reviews her life, and while acknowledging that she has lost something by not having mixed with the world, she expresses her conviction that she has greatly gained on the whole:—"I think that if I lived in the world I should lose, and my nature is of a better order by remaining as it is without any admixture. The only thing I should gain would be some elements of pleasing, which can only be gained at a substantial loss. And yet I love all that is elegant and good in taste, and noble in manner, but I cannot find content in these things." And so she lived out her life in her province, fleeing from Paris, forcing herself to think that "it was better to teach one child the Catechism than to write volumes of poetry," and finding no other vent for her poetical feelings than in the contemplation of death. Everything with her was a memento of the tomb. If she is doing household work, she records with what strange pleasure she hems a sheet, speculating on the possibility that she may be buried in it. A constant metaphor with her was that human life was a mixture of thorns and flowers; and it may be said that her religion made it her dearest aim to encourage her thorns, and to nip off the roses which it was her nature to push forth with more than usual luxuriance.

And yet she was a woman with real poetry in her, and a considerable power of reflection, and a strong vein of good sense. She had the art, which her brother possessed in a much higher degree, of saying simple things about the common objects of the country with a choice of expression, an ease, and a reserve which lent the charm of poetry to very unpretending sentences. For instance, she says of the first swallows of the year, "*Je les aime, ces*

annonces du printemps, ces oiseaux que suivent doux soleil, chants, parfums et verdure." A page of verse could not have said much more. And sometimes she strays into pure poetical fancies. She is speaking, for example, of the flowers which shut or open at different hours of the day, and she imagines that the birds may make a clock of these flowers, and regulate by them the hours of their repose, their meals, and their meetings. "Why not? All is harmony in nature, and secret ties unite the eagle and the blade of grass, as they unite the angels and us in the world of intelligence." The old thought, again, that the dead can scarcely fail to send some communication from the region of bliss to those they love here, has seldom been expressed more prettily than in a passage of the journal addressed to Maurice's friend, where she says, "If I lived near a king and you were in prison, assuredly I should send you everything I could from the Court." Nor would it be easy to put with more neatness of expression the exceedingly Catholic horror of secular education among the poor which she reveals in another part of her journal:—"The peasants have lost much by their contact with books, and what have they learnt from them but one kind of additional ignorance, the ignorance of their duties?" The disadvantages of learning were a constant theme with her, and even when she laments the superstitious follies of the peasants around her, she adds, "But God is good, and it is not exactly ignorance that he will punish." Still, she was never the purely unreflecting religious enthusiast. She could see that, both for herself and others, there were flights which it was unwise to attempt. After recording, on the feast of St. Pacôme, the pleasure with which she had been reading the life of that obscure saint, she goes on to say, "For many persons, however, the *Lives of the Saints* seems to me a dangerous book. I would not recommend it to a young girl, nor even to many other persons who are not young. Such reading has so much power over the heart, which sometimes goes astray even for the sake of God." And in one very curious passage, written after Maurice's death, she says that she has been reading St. Augustine's *City of God*, but that it is too strong a book for her—that she does not like the heights of theology, and that she prefers to walk on the plain or on the gentle slope of some author who speaks to the soul, and is not too much above her, as, for example, M. Sainte-Beuve. It must have been a most unexpected pleasure to M. Sainte-Beuve to find that his works were more edifying to a Catholic recluse than those of St. Augustine. But if this was her opinion, it is only fair to observe that, whenever she does pass any literary criticisms, they are always excellent. She says all that can be said, for example, in praise of the works of De Cuzine, when she says that she finds them too long, but that they are too long just as a ball is sometimes too long. In two lines she sums up the greatest merit of her brother's writings—"Qu'il est pénétrant dans ses dires du cœur, dans cette douce, délicate, et si fine façon de parler douloureuse que je n'ai connue qu'à lui!" Or if a criticism on Madame de Staël was to be unfavourable, it could scarcely be put more tersely than thus:—"Madame de Staël ne cesse de faire mal et de prêcher bien. Que je déteste ces femmes en chaire et avec des passions béantes!" A woman who could write like this, although she thought all writing dangerous, and lived entirely out of the world, might easily, if she had chosen a different lot, have established a literary reputation. Eugénie de Guérin had many of the elements of a great writer. She had deep feeling, good judgment, and a facility of expression at once lively and natural. Whether she could have got to think out of the circle of the thoughts in which she was brought up, it is impossible now to say. She chose what she considered the better part, and her choice involved the rejection of that literary power and fame which she reckoned among the vain gewgaws of a perishing world.

ROBERT BROWNING'S POEMS.*

HAD Mr. Robert Browning lived two hundred years ago, his plays would have furnished that delicate and genial critic, Charles Lamb, with many exquisite specimens of dramatic poetry, pathos, and fancy, and with opportunities for just and graceful comment. On the stage, his plays might not have held firm footing, even at a time when audiences were more susceptible of the poetical element of tragedy than they are at present. His *Blot on the Scutcheon* and *Colombe's Birthday* would, indeed, have sent the hearers weeping to their beds; but the other dramas in the volumes now before us would always be more suitable to the closet than the stage.

Great, indeed, is the worth of the unacted and really unactable drama of the present century—great also its amount. But so, virtually, it has always been. Of the three or four hundred plays that make up the sum of the old English drama, not a tenth part has ever lived beyond a few evenings in representation. Of Ben Jonson's comedies and tragedies, three only, the *Fox*, the *Alchemist*, and *Every Man in his Humour*, are—or rather, as regards the first two of them, were—often repeated after their original production. The *Alchemist* owed its favour to the single character of Abel Druggier; the *Fox*, to certain opportunities for the actors in Volpone, Corbaccio, and Corvino; but, as entire pieces, they dragged their weary length along. Of Beaumont and Fletcher's pieces, *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, and the *Maid's Tragedy*, alone are tolerated by audiences to whom the *Bloody Brothers*, the *Knight with the Burning Pestle*, and other plays of original merit

* Robert Browning's Poems—Tragedies and other Plays. London: Chapman & Hall. 1863.

would be utterly insufferable in representation. Massinger's *New Way to pay Old Debts* and his *Duke of Milan* still pass current when they find actors to represent them; but those far finer compositions, the *Virgin Martyr* and the *Roman Actor*, are "caviare to the general" for ever. It is, accordingly, no blot on Mr. Browning's 'scutcheon that his *Tragedies and other Plays* are rarely brought before an audience. For their suitability to the closet and their unsuitableness to the stage the reasons are obvious, especially in the present condition of the drama. We are not going to repeat the cuckoo-cry that "we have now no actors." It is, in the first place, untrue; and in the next, it is a want that would soon be supplied were there really a demand for them. But it is true, and it is pity, that we have no audiences—such, at least, as encourage the poet and help to form the actor. Whether through the stage itself, or whether through literature, it is unnecessary to inquire, but the fact is, that spectators at the present moment are for the most part incapable of relishing such plays as Henry Taylor or Robert Browning could provide. They—the spectators—are vitiated, on the one hand, by "sensations," on the other by burlesque.

The title of this volume, *Tragedies and other Plays*, is not quite correct, inasmuch as *Pippa Passes* might be more aptly entitled a scenic vision, and a *Soul's Tragedy* a philosophic dialogue. *Stratford*, again, both in Mr. Browning's and the late John Sterling's hands, is history in dramatic form. It comes too near the *State Trials*, Rushworth's Collections, and Clarendon's History to be an acting play. The historic drama demands more picturesque and remote elements than Privilege and Prerogative, or the great controversy between a waning monarchy and a rising imperial commonwealth. Neither would *King Victor* and *King Charles*, in our opinion, survive a third night. For a history, such as *King John* or *Henry VIII.*, there must be some link in common between the stage and the house in front of it. Now hardly a gallery contains many persons quite ignorant that King John murdered a nephew or so, paid shameful homage of some kind or other to that standing bugbear of both North and South Britain, the Pope, and had something to do with England's pride, her Great Charter. Again, bluff Hal has come down to us, pictorially and traditionally, as a jolly, though often perilous, companion, who smote the Pope aforesaid a swashing blow, and got verdicts in his favour from the Divorce Court in an extremely curt and truculent fashion. Our Henries and Edwards, also, are "the boast of fame," and still visible, through a hazy medium it may be, both to gods and men in the theatre. But what of King Victor? *ὅστις ἐς ἀνθρώπων*—the old question of a Greek Amphitryon to any wandering pirate who might have called in to supper—would be put to his Sardinian Majesty by an inquisitive and ignorant pit. There is absolutely no hook or eye of association between Victor and the benches, and it would be small satisfaction to refer them to Voltaire or the *Biographie Universelle*. Darkly might some sharp-sighted pittance discern that Victor, like Lear, had divested himself of his crown, yet not absolutely disposed of his goods in fee to his son Charles; but then, unlike Lear, he retains his faculties, makes a most knavish use of them, reclaims his crown, disconcerts everyone, and dies proclaiming his ex-prime-minister a liar. This is veritable history, and the psychology of the old plotter, Victor, is admirably treated; yet it is not the kind of history that in *John, Henry VIII., Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Julius Caesar* imparts life to the chronicle, and interests the spectator better than Holinshed, Hall, or Plutarch. But none of these impediments for the stage affect Mr. Browning's *Tragedies* in the closet. To the reader they afford the delight which melodious verse, brilliant fancy, analysis of the passions, and earnest ethical purpose always command. In form, Robert Browning is of the present day; but in spirit, he is of the past. He combines, it is perhaps needless to say, with the passionate element of the drama, a deep and pure vein of lyrical emotion. In this, as in other respects, the Elizabethan age might claim him. Hardly one of our play-writers before the Restoration was devoid of this twofold power. It imparts a tender grace, not merely to the songs, but also to those portions of the dialogue that give occasion for, and, as it were, enclasp the songs. It is the feminine correlative of masculine passion and action.

We do not envy the reader who should be indifferent to the union of these elements in *Pippa Passes*. The poor girl, whose occupation is "silk-winding, coil on coil," has one holiday in the whole long year. "Am I not," she says—

—This day

What'er I please? What shall I please to-day?
My morning, noon, eve, night—how spend my day?
To-morrow I must be Pippa who winds silk
The whole year round, to earn just bread and milk;
But, this one day, I have leave to go
And play out my fancy's fullest games;
I may fancy all day—and it shall be so—
That I taste of the pleasures, am called by the names
Of the Happiest Four in our Azolo.

She greets sunrise on New Year's Day, her one day, in these words:—

Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppet it lay—
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppet,

Rose, reddened, and its seething breast

Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world.

Pippa passes through scenes of crime, vice, poverty, remorse, as a presence laden with healing, with songs corroborating the strong heart and piercing the seared conscience, until the close of the day—wondering, as she goes to rest, whether it has been all a vision, or whether she has been successively the rich and the poor, the doers and the sufferers whom she has seen in her holiday progress, and falls asleep murmuring these lines:—

God bless me! I can pray no more to-night.
No doubt, some way or other, hymns say right.
All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we, there is no last or first.

In the *Return of the Druses* there is dramatic power of high order. Two kinds of enthusiasm are represented. Djabal, the Druse, belongs to that class of impostors with whom the means justify the end. Louis de Droux, a Knight Hospitaller of Rhodes, is a devotee in the holiest of causes—justice and humanity. Djabal has impressed a suffering people with the belief that he is their long foretold prophet and deliverer, and that, in the fulness of time, he will manifest himself in his proper person:—

The Hakeem, the incarnate Dread,
The phantasm Khalif, King of Prodigious!

His aim is lofty, his motives are pure, but the sense of his deception lies like frost or fire on his soul, and he expiates his one fault by voluntary death. He has rescued the ancient and oppressed race, but by the arm of flesh, and not by the assumption or manifestation of indwelling deity. Nor does he suffer alone—his error draws down into the same vortex his friend and his mistress.

Self-sacrifice is a favourite theme in Robert Browning's *Tragedies*. It is the subject of *Luria* also. He, a Moor by birth, has supplanted in the command of the Florentine forces their old general Puccio, and in him, as in others of the old officers, there is much heart-burning at Luria's preferment. Death by his own hand clears the noble Moor of every shadow of suspicion that he had wrought for selfish ends; not before, however, he has by his generous self-abnegation reconciled to himself even his supplanted rival. The struggle between the commander of the army and the civil government at home—a struggle which has affected and enfeebled every commonwealth, from the time of Demosthenes to that of President Lincoln—is powerfully delineated in this drama. We must find room for one last extract. It comes after Puccio is reconciled, and Tiburzio, the Pisan commander, has become known to the Moor, and it is spoken by Luria. We present it as a fair sample of Mr. Browning's management of dramatic blank verse:—

My heart will have it he speaks true! My blood
Beats close to this Tiburzio as a friend.
If he had slept into my watch-tent, night
And the wild desert full of foes around,
I should have broke the bread and given the salt
Secure, and when my hour of watch was done,
Taken my turn to sleep between his knees,
Safe in the untroubled brow and honest cheek.
Oh, world! where all things pass and nought abides,
Oh, life! the long mutation—is it so?
Is it with life as with the body's change?
Where, e'en though better follow, good must pass,
Nor manhood's strength can mate with boyhood's grace,
Nor age's wisdom, in its turn, find strength,
But silently the first gift dies away,
And though the new stays, never both at once!
Life's time of savage instinct o'er with me,
It fades and dies away, past trusting more,
As if to punish the ingratitude
With which I turned to grow in these new lights,
And learned to look with European eyes.
Yes, it is better, this cold certain way,
Where Braccio's brow tells nothing—Puccio's mouth,
Domizia's eyes reject the searcher—yes!
For on their calm sagacity I lean,
Their sense of right, deliberate choice of good,
Sure, as they know my deeds, they deal with me.
Such faith stays when mere wild belief would go!
Yes—when the desert creature's heart, at fault
Amid the scattering tempest's pillared sands,
Betrays its steps into the pathless drift—
The calm instructed eye of man holds fast
By the sole bearing of the visible star,
Sure that when slow the whirling wreck subsides,
The boundaries, lost now, shall be found again,
The palm-trees and the pyramid over all.

Mr. Browning has not fallen on evil times or evil tongues, for his name is high on the list of the living poets of England, in an age fertile in genuine poets. That his tragedies could ever take root in theatres is impossible, unless there should happen a total revolution in them, both before and behind the curtain. His plays demand thought and attention. The modern drama, in general, demands none of the former, and attracts the latter by gross appeals to the sense of sight. We still live in days in which—

The Play stands still; damn action and discourse;
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold and lawn.

Nay, we live even in worse days for those who write *Philip Van Artevelde* or *Blots on the Scutcheon*. For has not a stammering fop monopolised one of our principal theatres for more than two hundred evenings? has not a plunge into a painted lake been popular as long? and does not now a magic-lantern prove the sole attraction of a fifth-rate melodrama? Should there ever be a *renaissance* of the acting drama in Britain, a restoration of the audiences to their senses

(the actors will soon recover theirs), Robert Browning may then, for some two or three of his tragedies, be summoned to make his bow to an applauding pit. Meanwhile, in Sancho's phrase, "patience and snuff the candle;" it needs it sorely, for it burns very dimly before our progenitors. Whether, however, that good time be near or remote, whether it will for ever be a promise lacking performance, these *Tragedies and other Plays* will live in the remembrance of all who study dramatic compositions, not as the recreation of an idle hour, but as ranking among the purest and noblest creations of the human mind. To this fit but few audience they need not our recommendation; for they have already taken their place among the volumes that have in them the promise of long, at least, if not perpetual, life.

AUSTIN ON JURISPRUDENCE.*

THE recent publication of the second and third volumes of Mr. Austin's *Lectures on Jurisprudence* completes his work on the subject, so far as it can ever be completed now. The first volume was originally published in 1832, under the title of *The Province of Jurisprudence Determined*. Circumstances which are detailed in the biographical preface to the complete work prevented him from ever publishing a second edition, and the book not only went out of print, but rose to an almost fabulous price shortly before the author's death in 1859. His widow republished it—with a touching biographical notice, to which we referred at the time of publication—two years ago, and the two remaining volumes have just appeared. The work originally consisted of lectures delivered at University College, London. The course, if it had been completed according to the author's original design, would have comprised at least a hundred and twenty lectures. It does, in fact, comprise fifty-seven. Of these, the first eleven, printed as six, were revised and corrected so as to form the volume originally published. The remainder fill the second volume and about half of the third, the rest of which is occupied by a variety of miscellaneous writings on legal subjects. They are of much interest and value to a careful and zealous student, though their fragmentary condition will probably render them unattractive to students who do not answer that description. The same remark will to some extent apply to the lectures themselves. All except those which are contained in the first volume are in the state of notes. They were not finally prepared for publication by the author himself; and though the notes are remarkably full and careful, and are edited with a degree of skill which no motive less powerful than devotion to the reputation of a husband could have supplied to the lady who has discharged the arduous task of superintending their publication, they are of necessity deficient in the finish and completeness which they would no doubt have received from the author had he lived to work out completely his own conception.

Notwithstanding these inevitable defects, the lectures possess a degree of value, and deserve a position in English literature, which it is difficult to rate too highly. With the single exception of Jeremy Bentham, Mr. Austin was the only Englishman of any considerable ability who ever made the study of jurisprudence proper the object of his life. A few—a very few—isolated books (Mr. Maine's *Ancient Law*, for instance) may be mentioned which treat of particular legal subjects from something higher than a merely technical point of view; but Bentham and Mr. Austin are as yet the only Englishmen who have ever made it the business of their lives to study the whole subject in a scientific and philosophical spirit, and who have recorded the results of their studies for the benefit of the world at large. This is not matter for surprise. The rewards of all kinds held out to successful legal practitioners in England are attractive and splendid to an unexampled degree. A successful lawyer makes a fortune, earns a brilliant position, and acquires great power by using to the utmost faculties the use of which is in itself the keenest possible gratification to those who are fortunate enough to possess them. The pleasure of displaying skill, the power of doing a difficult thing well, is one of the greatest and most lasting pleasures that can be enjoyed. Add to the constant enjoyment of it the other enjoyments, in money and reputation, by which it is accompanied, and what can be more seductive? A man who is prepared to give up all this for the sake of sitting down to inquire whether the distinction between the Law of Things and the Law of Persons is a sound one—and if so, on what it rests—must be a man of a very peculiar cast of mind. Yet most of those who are capable of pursuing such investigations might succeed at the bar if they chose, and willingly sacrifice all other pleasures in life to the pleasure of acquiring a sort of knowledge which lies more remote from common sympathies than almost any other. It is no wonder, therefore, that the list of writers on jurisprudence should be so short, and there is little reason to suppose that it will soon be lengthened.

Of the two remarkable men just mentioned, Bentham, no doubt, has far the greater name; but Mr. Austin appears, on the whole, to have been intrinsically the more remarkable man, at least in his own department. Bentham was, above and beyond everything else, a reformer. He viewed English law much as Mr. Wilberforce and his friends viewed slavery and the slave trade. He appears to have considered it as a sort of nuisance, which he was to abate by all the resources of the pamphleteer and agitator. He happened to add to these resources, which he possessed in rare perfection, an eminently philosophical and reflective

turn of mind, which prevented him from being content with mere criticism, and constantly pushed him on to construct and suggest. It is this strange union of two characters which are almost always distinct, that gives his writings their special character. Nowhere can there be found either more thought or a greater quantity of pungent sarcasm, personal as well as general. He is the most philosophical of pamphleteers and critics, but his books always suggest that the pamphleteering led to the philosophy. Mr. Austin, on the other hand, was emphatically a student. There is not a word in his writings of the fierce invective which is to be found in every page of Bentham. Far from hating English law because of its difficulty, its bulk, or its manifold defects, he seems, on the whole, to have admired it, though in a most discriminating manner, and with a perfect consciousness of its innumerable weak points. It contains, indeed, very much to attract the sympathies of a mind so patient, so laborious, and so elaborately methodical as his. A man who could speak with enthusiasm of Fearn's "beautiful" treatise on Contingent Remainders was not likely to be one of those unbridled reformers who denounce all English law as a strange mixture of pedantry and barbarism. Mr. Austin was also—what Bentham was not—a man of great learning. He had not only read, but carefully studied, the works of Continental, and especially those of German writers on jurisprudence, and was deeply acquainted with Roman law. Hence he understood much better than Bentham the bearing of history on law, and was less intolerant of those defects which have been introduced into our own system by mere lapse of time, and less under the influence of the notion that there is no other real obstacle to the establishment of a rational system than the sinister motives and private interests of lawyers—a notion which continually warped Bentham's judgment, and exposed him to refutation on all sorts of minor points. In short, though not so belligerent and not so effective for belligerent purposes as his great predecessor, Mr. Austin was a deeper, a calmer, and a better-instructed thinker on their common subject.

It is not an easy task to convey to general readers, and without entering upon technical discussions, a notion of the sort of objects at which Mr. Austin aimed, of the general nature and use of his speculations, and of the degree in which he succeeded in effecting the objects which he had in view. A few observations on these points may, however, be interesting, though they must of course be imperfect. The general problem which writers on jurisprudence try to solve is that of reducing law to order and system. In every civilized country in the world, the mass of laws which regulate—or, at all events, affect in some way or other—almost every act and every incident of life, is so great and so indescribably complicated that it is barely possible, without devoting the study of years to the subject, to get anything like an adequate notion of any appreciable part of them. Side by side, however, with this intricate system, which it seems hardly possible to understand, most difficult to alter, and impossible to do without, are a set of principles which are at once interesting, and, in a certain sense, clear to all the world. Right and wrong, just and unjust, merit and demerit, and other such words, are in every one's mouth, and appear to every one to convey to him a real and even definite meaning. Law being generally supposed to be the body of which such phrases as these are the soul, the notion of reducing it to a form as regular and simple as that which does, or is supposed to, belong to the moral sentiments on which it is founded, is not only natural, but inevitable. This notion is fortified by the hope that, if it were carried into effect, it would produce great practical results. Most of the widest legal speculations which have exercised a permanent influence over human affairs—for instance, those of Grotius—have been originally undertaken under the belief, by which in their progress they were deeply coloured, that, by investigating and throwing into a systematic shape the general principles of law and morals, an efficacious check upon tyranny would be provided, and life rendered better and happier than it was before. Such phrases as the law of nature, the law of nations, absolute and eternal justice, the essential and indefeasible rights of man, and the like, are derived in part, though not entirely, from a more or less distinct sentiment of this kind. It was supposed, not altogether wrongly, that, by the free use of such phrases, weapons would be provided which the oppressed would be able to wield against their oppressors, and that a supernatural sanction might be afforded to laws which were thought to be insufficiently recommended by their own merits. In later times, the great progress made in science, especially in physical science, has introduced entirely new ways of thinking upon moral and political subjects; and people are gradually learning to study them as collections of maxims recording what actually is, instead of what, in their opinion, ought to be. This is the great cardinal difference between jurisprudence as conceived by Bentham and Mr. Austin, especially by Mr. Austin, and as conceived by the systematic writers on the law of nature and other subjects of the same kind, who preceded them. The clearness with which Mr. Austin distinguishes between law and morals, and the perfect consistency with which he applies his own phraseology to every subject which comes before him, and rejects every phrase of which the meaning is not perfectly definite, no matter how great a favourite it may be for collateral reasons, will always constitute his great claims to admiration from those who care to think with accuracy and consistency on such matters, whilst they will always repel those who can never bear to speak impartially, or to use colourless language on matters which appeal strongly to their sympathies or anti-

* *Lectures on Jurisprudence*. By John Austin. 3 vols. London: Murray. 1861-3.

pathies. Probably, no writer ever succeeded more fully in making his phraseology upon a moral subject completely neutral. It is, perhaps, a defect in his book that he carries this system of divorcing words from their associations to such an extent that it is sometimes difficult to understand him—at least, it requires a conscious effort of memory to recall the sense which he attaches to familiar phrases. For instance, in one place he says—"To call the Deity a person is absurd." This sounds a most audacious proposition; but as he had previously defined "person" to mean either a human being or a character (*persona*) sustained by a human being, it is, in reality, obvious enough.

The object of the book being to frame a general outline of the different relations which laws, in fact, create, and of the ways in which those relations may be most conveniently described with a view to being intelligible and easily remembered, Mr. Austin begins by defining the terms which lie at the bottom of the whole inquiry and pervade every part of it. Laws he defines as commands proceeding from, and imposed upon reasonable creatures, and enjoining a course of conduct. Every law imposes a duty—that is, a liability to punishment in case of disobedience—and is armed with a sanction; and most laws (though not all) confer rights—rights being the correlative of duties, and nothing more. If it is your duty to pay me money, I have a right to enforce payment. Human laws are imposed by sovereigns; and a large part of the first volume is taken up with a most elaborate and curious discussion of the true notion of sovereignty. Hence, sovereignty, or the power to command—law, the creature of sovereign power—and rights and duties, the creatures of law, are the fundamental conceptions upon which all actual systems of law ultimately repose. Mr. Austin has the great merit of seeing that law is always law, whether good or bad, and that rights and duties, justice and injustice, are relevant, not to goodness and badness, but to law. So that perfect justice, and the most rigid discharge of duty, are consistent with extreme wickedness, if the law to which the words tacitly refer is wicked. Hence, before justice or duty can be praised, it is necessary to have clear notions of that which lies beyond law—namely, morality; and, accordingly, a large part of the first volume of Mr. Austin's work is occupied by an inquiry into the fundamental theory of morals, in the course of which he states and enforces, with irresistible weight, that view of what has been called the Utilitarian system which every one holds unconsciously, and from which it seems hardly possible that any one should dissent when he fully apprehends its scope. This, no doubt, is a digression, but it is so pertinent to the subject that it is impossible to find fault with it.

Having in this manner laid the foundation of his system, Mr. Austin goes on to show what sort of commands have, in fact, been issued by different sovereigns, and what sorts of rights and duties they have, in fact, conferred and imposed. To form such a classification as this is the only object at which writers on general jurisprudence, as distinguished from writers on special departments of the law of particular countries, will ever aim. The general resemblance of human conduct in all parts of the civilized world has led to the establishment of a number of systems differing in various ways, which may for the most part be explained by reference to the particular facts of their history, but all resembling each other in their leading features. The object of general jurisprudence is to trace out these leading features, and to draw as it were the common ground-plan of the buildings which have been raised by so many different persons under such a variety of circumstances.

This immense subject Mr. Austin divides into two great branches, considering laws first in relation to the manner in which they are made—or, as he calls it, set—and next in relation to the subject-matters to which they apply. First, as to the manner in which laws have been made. Mr. Austin points out in several successive lectures, which at the present day will be read with unusual interest, that the distinction with which the English public are just beginning to become familiar between law made by Legislatures and law made by Judges is so general and ancient, that it may be called universal amongst the nations which derived their institutions, either proximately or remotely, from the Roman Empire. In connection with this subject he enters fully into a variety of questions relating to the Imperial legislation, and to the equitable jurisdiction of our own Chancellors. It is a curious fact that, with some variations, the greater part of Mr. Austin's views upon this subject have been arrived at independently by Mr. Maine, and may be seen in his admirable work on *Ancient Law*. From dates and other circumstances it is certain that Mr. Maine knew nothing of Mr. Austin's MSS.; yet their descriptions of the true origin and meaning of the phrases "*ius naturale*" and "*ius gentium*," their histories of the prætors' edicts, and their accounts of the true nature of equity, correspond so closely that, if there were not positive evidence to the contrary, it would seem almost certain that the one had copied from the other. These lectures contain not only a great amount of useful and interesting historical matter, but some observations on codification which would be of the highest value should any of the schemes at present under discussion for the accomplishment of that object reach the point of bearing fruit.

From the manner in which laws are made, Mr. Austin proceeds to the subject-matter about which they are made. It is obvious, for the reasons already given, that the subject-matter of law must, from the nature of the case, be either rights or duties; for every law, by the fact that it is a law, imposes the one or confers

the other. This, however, is not the only matter which is necessary to be understood in order to have a systematic knowledge of the law. It is necessary for that purpose to have, in the first place, a clear notion of the manner in which it acts, and therefore of that upon which it acts—namely, the human mind. Mr. Austin therefore enters, as far as the necessity of the case requires, into that department of metaphysics or psychology which lies next to law, and from which terms are constantly introduced into legal discussions. Thus acts and forbearances are the objects of all laws. Will, intention, negligence, heedlessness, are either constituent elements of acts, or they are states of feeling by which the place of an action as belonging to one or another class is determined. Each of these words is examined by Mr. Austin with careful and curious accuracy, and the manner in which they enter into different departments of law, especially criminal law, is described with extraordinary care and precision. It is easy to object to the introduction of metaphysics into law books, and to treat such discussions as needless subtleties and paradoxes; but those who have ever tried the experiment of attempting to understand the grounds on which legal principles rest, and the manner in which they ought to be applied, will agree with Mr. Austin in believing that it is absolutely essential to those ends to attach distinct meanings to words of this kind. For instance, a man is tried for wounding "with intent to murder." The evidence shows that he wounded in such a way that, if the man had died, the crime would have been murder, and that he had no distinct wish either that he should or should not die. Was this an intent to murder? That depends entirely on the meaning of intention.

The metaphysical part of the lectures is succeeded by a classification of rights and duties, and with respect to them Mr. Austin takes the following capital distinctions. Some rights, with their correlative duties, refer to, or arise out of, particular characters sustained by particular men—for instance, the character of a husband, a wife, an infant, a king, a judge, &c. Others do not. Those which do, constitute collectively the subject-matter of the law of status, condition, or, as it is commonly called, the law of persons. All the rest of the law may be described as the law of things. This distinction, as he observes, is arbitrary, for all rights might be described as the rights of persons in this sense. For instance, the right to be paid for a horse is a right incidental to the person or status of a vendor. He puts the distinction, however, on the ground that some particular conditions regard comparatively narrow classes of the community, and may be detached from the rest of the system without inconvenience. For instance, every sort of person buys and sells; but married women buy and sell under special restrictions. Thus the rights and duties of the status of a married woman may be viewed apart from, and as qualifications of, the rights and duties of purchasers, executors, &c. Hence the law of things, or the rights which are the subject-matter of the law of things, as the more general of the two divisions, precedes the law of persons. Another capital division affecting all rights whatever is between primary rights and sanctioning rights. A primary right is a right to something which is in itself an object of desire or enjoyment. For instance, all proprietary rights are primary rights. A sanctioning right is a right which protects or sanctions a primary right; such, for instance, is a right to bring an action for damages. A third division is the division between rights *in rem* and rights *in personam*—a right *in rem* being a right available against the world at large; a right *in personam*, a right available against some specified person only. Thus a right to the absolute property of a house or a ship is a right *in rem*; that is, it is available against all the world, for it consists in a power to make all the rest of the world forbear from interfering with the house or the ship. A right of action against a man who has injured a house or a ship is a right *in personam*, because it applies to him and to him only.

These three divisions—the law of persons and the law of things, primary rights and sanctioning rights, and rights *in rem* and *in personam*—may, of course, be combined with each other in almost every variety of way, and a great part of the lectures now published consists of descriptions of the ways in which they affect different kinds of property and conduct, and in criticisms on the language in which lawyers of different nations have described and argued about them. They may also be divided and subdivided to almost any extent, and there is room for an endless quantity of ingenious discussion as to the heads under which particular rights may most conveniently be arranged. It would be impossible, in such a notice as the present, to attempt to give any adequate notion of the different points connected with these matters which Mr. Austin discusses, or to examine the question whether he succeeded in what he undertook. What has been said, however, may be enough to indicate to general readers what he did undertake. His plan was to make a general map of the law, not according to any *a priori* notions or maxims, such as many writers of considerable ability have taken as a starting point, because to their own minds they happened to appear self-evident, but founded on fact and experience. All his divisions and classifications are based upon phrases already in common use amongst lawyers, to which he wished, by observation and comparison, to affix a more certain meaning than their authors usually had before their minds. The amount of thought, reading, and labour which must have gone to the production of such a work is something tremendous to an ordinary mind. A severer or more uninviting study it is hardly possible to imagine; but it must be owned that, if it were completed, it would be singularly useful and noble. Mr. Austin has laid a foundation on which, if any one capable of executing the

work should ever take it up, there may be raised a superstructure which would be a lasting honour to the nation. As there is no country in the world which has done less for jurisprudence than our own, there is none which might do more. We have materials in overwhelming abundance. With proper architects, our law might be made one of the most wonderful monuments of practical sagacity and experience which the world affords. There is something affecting in thinking how hard Mr. Austin laboured towards such a result, how little his efforts were appreciated, and how infinitely distant we are, even to this day, from any practical results from them.

RAILWAY HORACE.*

CLASSICAL translations have of late experienced such a rise in the English literary market, and the results of this rise promise to be so wholesome, that in ordinary cases the censors of the press would be disposed to pass over without notice a pretender or two, and, out of general good-will to the class, forbear to expose their attempt to cling on to the skirts of a goodly company. But there must be a limit to good-nature, or it may spoil a good cause by indiscriminate acceptance of creditable and discreditable specimens alike. In the interests of those who have done and are doing so much to supply English readers with the transfused sweetness of the Roman Muse, and the delicate refinement of the Greek lyre, we are called upon to notice the book which lies before us, and which in an evil hour invites that criticism which cannot by any possibility be otherwise than unfavourable.

It needs little labour to show that to translate Horace so as to reproduce a hundredth part of his genial nature, his light, delicate, graceful trifling, his marvellous felicity of language, is a thing well-nigh impossible. A man must have made Horace his bosom-friend and boon companion for many years, ere he can reasonably hope to be imbued with any reflex of his matchless spirit. That which, in him, is seemingly all on the surface, is not by any means all froth, when we look at it more closely. There is need of something more laborious than mere skimming, if one would enter into his spirit, of which the depths are to be sounded only at the cost of some pains. For essaying a version of Horace with any measure of success there are required two or three preliminary qualifications, which are rarely to be found in combination, and which perhaps we ought to be well content to meet with singly. But where none of these pre-requisites are existent, it is the part of wisdom to hold aloof from the task. It seems to us that the chief of these are, first, appreciation of the original, with aptitude in tone and taste for the task of reproducing it in a modern garb, and then, secondly and specially, such a knowledge of the translated language, and the author's meaning, as may both keep the translator true to his text, and help him to penetrate the under-currents of wit and fancy which superficial bunglers would pass by without so much as remarking. And, where these are not, it is no valid plea for such offenders as the author of the *Railway Horace*, that he only publishes a few imitations in which he claims and uses a certain latitude of interpretation and selection, taking up in the Horace of scholars just so much as suits him, and passing over whatever seems unsuitable to his purpose. If he will meddle with a bard in whom all cultivated men delight, is he justified in printing under such a title pages of his own balderdash just flavoured here and there with the faintest suspicion of Horace? As to appreciation of the original, it may be questioned whether a good imitator has not more field for displaying this than one who is more strictly a translator. The process of giving the thoughts of the original, but taking latitude in their expression, is in favour of translators who have a keen zest for the charms of the bard they are reproducing, and are therefore jealous of the restraints of a strict literalness. We may note scores of illustrations of this in any one of Pope's imitations of Horace. True, the biting sarcasm with which he shows his teeth at every contemporary against whom he has a grudge is wholly incompatible with appreciation, so far, of the kindest of Latin poets. But when we come to little happy hits, quite apart from personality, such as these from the First Epistle in the Second Book, verses 13, 14:—

Plorare suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis.
Closed their long glories with a sigh to find
The unwilling gratitude of base mankind.

or, just below,

Extinctus amabitur idem.
These suns of glory please not till they set.

or, v. 66-68—

Qui redit in fastos, et virtutem estimat annis
Miraturque nihil, nisi quod Libitina sacravit
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe,
And estimating authors by the year
Bestow a garland only on a bier

—we feel that we are in the hands of one whose mind could espy, draw forth, and turn to profit the charms and the niceties of his original, and that it would be a shame to confine such an imitator to bounds too strict or exact. In our own day, Mr. Theodore Martin's Horace is a happy mean between literal translation and wider imitation; and it is a pleasure to mark in his many suc-

cessful reproductions how thoroughly he catches his author's mind and manner, and, in all but language, makes us fancy ourselves in the presence of the delightful little Roman. There are several other laudable versions of Horace into English, on which, though full of appreciation of his spirit, it is beside our purpose to delay. What more concerns us is to show that Mr. Oxenden lacks this primary qualification—that is to say, if mistaking his original for a slang-monger of a very ordinary type is any sufficient proof in the negative. Tone and taste are by him completely misapprehended; and it is no slight evidence of very youthful or very senile reading of a poet like Horace, that this version of some of his liveliest odes forsakes the sportive grace and exquisite trifling of the inimitable lyricist for nothing better than weak-wahey puns, and silly alliterations, beneath the contempt of even a third-rate writer of burlesques. How might Messrs. Brough, Burnand, and others of their craft turn up their noses at such faint efforts to rival them; and truly with much reason, for whereas Aladdin, and Fair Rosamond and the like, sparkle for the hour and perish after a brief but successful existence, or only live enclosed in the pink paper covers of "Lacy's acting edition," here is one who without a tithe of their merit binds his bad puns in cloth, and calls them by the name of Horace, and is blind enough to dream that they can survive a birth which must needs be a signal for ridicule. What, for example, must we say—what would Horace *redivivus* say—if he could read lines of his Second Ode massacred in this wise?—

The "gents" he frighten'd lest again
The gray might return, and rain
Drive all the short-horns to the mountains?

Would he discover readily that the verses thus disfigured in the process of reproduction begin with "Terruit gentes grave ne rediret," &c.? What would be his disgust at having afforded material for such twaddle as—

Apollo who's a friend of mine this certain promise gave us
That we another "Sallow-miss" should find, if we behave us;

in the lines from the 7th ode of the 1st Book—

Certus enim promisit Apollo
Ambiguum tellure novâ Salamina patremque.

to help out which last wretched pun Mr. Oxenden is obliged in a footnote to explain "Sallow-miss" "vice Helen." Not to dwell on such weakness, we pass over the instances of bad taste which are to be found in translating "suspendisse potenti Vestimenta maris Deo," "That I have hung my hat to dry," &c.; in rendering "Fusce," in Ode XXII. Book I., "Fussy;" "Ieci," in Ode XXIX., *ibid.* "Hicks of Hicks Hall," and "Phoceus," in Lib. ii. Od. iv., "Fauxjeu," as quite sufficient to damn this version irrevocably. Even worse is the insult to Horace, and to the public also, conveyed in the perpetration of such translation as renders the lines—

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum
Forma captiva fragilis Tecmessa.
And Ajax
Tecmessa's hand did in a rage arr.

If here and there the author of this silly version shows that he can do better, and turns out an ode without such vulgarities, so much the greater blame attaches to his continual sins against good taste and good tone. His fair rendering of the Ninth Ode of the First Book induced a moment's hesitation before wholesale condemnation; but the pages, turning themselves over, stopped at a point where "Laudo manentem" is translated "I praise the Waiter," which made us cease searching for extenuating passages. Can it be that the author deems that even a schoolboy would extract from such trash the occasion for a single smile? Need he be told that he may look in vain through Horace for that "alliterative punning" to which a real poet is superior, and which the polished court of Augustus, the lettered circle of Mæcenas, would hardly have welcomed.

But if he has not hit the tone, still less the taste, which stamps Horace as the favourite poet of refined society, at least we may look for so much scholarship and reading in an "imitator" of Horace, as may show that he apprehends what he is imitating. Nothing is more remarkable in Mr. Martin's Horace than the internal evidence it affords of the careful and scholarlike way in which he has availed himself of the best commentators. If he renders a passage freely, he still lets you see that he has been at pains to understand his author before attempting to translate him. Not so Mr. Oxenden, who seems to be too superficial a scholar to care about translating correctly simple passages on the meaning of which all the world is agreed. Pleas of *imitation*, on however lax principles, can scarcely dispel the conviction that occurs to the mind after perusing his translation of

Vixi puellis super idoneus
Et militavi non sine gloria.
The ladies played me, oh, what tricks,
When I was in the army!

that he is in happy ignorance of the fact that "militavi" refers to the service of Cupid, to whose mother's honour the veteran in *love's* campaigns is about to hang up his trophies. Ovid's verse, "Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido," is a gloss which may help Mr. Oxenden to clearness on this passage; and if he will, further, hunt out the Horatian words, "Et nos ergo manum ferula subduximus," and construe them, he will learn the probable consequences of such mistranslation as that above, had he ventured to offer it to the Orbilius of his school days. He seems to have had a presentiment that we might misjudge his

* *Railway Horace*. By G. Chichester Oxenden. London: Upham & Best.

translation of *Tiburni Lucus*, in p. 10, for he tells us in a foot-note that it is more convenient than correct; and elsewhere he foists into the text two alipshod verses of his own, as an apology for utterly ignoring what was quite above his calibre—viz. a translation of *Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo, Dulce loquentem*. But we should be glad to learn how on earth out of Horace, Od. VII. Lib. i. v. 5-9, he extracted anything which he could justifiably render, "Argos with its olive groves." Probably it is "all the same to him" whether it was Athens that had the horses and Argos the olive groves, or *vice versa*; and in charity we take this as the key to the whole production. But if so, why was it published, unless to show that for imitating in English even the slightest Odes of Horace, there is needed something else than dash and slang—to wit, a refinement of thought and taste, superadded to a correct knowledge of the original?

In fairness to the array of men of talent and scholarship who are taking advantage of a tide that seems just now setting in favour of good translations, it is a bounden duty to mark with plain-spoken censure all mere pretences of imitation or translation, and to clear the way for what is genuine and meritorious. There is simply nothing to recommend the version before us—the only food for reflection which it supplies being such as might be digested into an essay on "Human Vanity." Even when the writer travels out of what he would have us accept as his *Railway Horace*, he fills up his pages with epigrams, some shady, and some pointless. In one place he takes credit to himself for imposing on Mr. Roebuck by some Latin Hexameters into which he translated that gentleman's simile of the timid fisherman, as applied to Lord Russell. These he seems to have posted to the member for Sheffield with a suggestion that the simile was borrowed from a Latin poet. And Mr. Roebuck politely acknowledged it. The joke is a stale one since the day of the Oxford undergraduate, who, having to translate a piece of the *Spectator* into Latin prose, and finding one sentence "Thy mistress will bring care, and thy bottle madness," turned it into an Hexameter—

Te meretrix tristem, insanum te pocula reddent—

and, after his exercise had been inspected, received the tutor's compliments on his so well remembering his Juvenal. And if Mr. Roebuck never committed any more grievous blunder than supposing Mr. Oxenden's Latin lines, which their author no doubt piqued himself upon as extremely Virgilian, to be the veritable words of some Latin poet, "pejoris evi et notæ," he would, indeed, have little with which to reproach himself. The author of the hoax has more to answer for. His sin in imagining that any one could suppose his imitations to have the faintest resemblance to Horace, is, as the growth of conceit, self-delusion, and bad taste, unpardonable. Let him gather up all the copies that have been printed, shake them in a bag, and hang it up with his lyre, or instead with "his hat" (see page 9), as an offering to the Muses of Horace, who indeed sang "Non omnis moriar" to no purpose, if reserved for such questionable immortality as existence in the imitations of Mr. Oxenden.

DEAN HOARE'S EXOTICS.*

WE feel deeply thankful that we are not "connected with" any "educational establishment in Waterford." All persons who have that bad luck—"teachers of public and private schools," "principals of private schools, with the pupil-teachers, monitors, and monitresses, and some of the scholars of the more advanced classes"—are, it seems, required to form a "select audience" for their Dean to lecture in philology. People say that Deans are of no use, and have nothing to do. It seems to be the view of the Deans themselves that their special business is to look after the purity of the English tongue. The Dean of Westminster guides us in the Study of Words. The Dean of Canterbury puts forth *Pleas for the Queen's English*. Why, then, should not the Dean of Waterford enlighten a select audience in Waterford as to English words derived from Latin roots? To be sure, the lot of the Waterford scholars and pupil-teachers is a rather hard one, especially when compared with the lot of that earlier band of pupil-teachers who first sat at the feet of Dean Trench. The Lectures of the Dean of Waterford are, unluckily, as dull as those of the Dean of Westminster are attractive. Dean Trench has a happy art of enlivening his subject by varied illustrations, and of grouping his instances together so as to give his inquiries something of the interest of a story. Dean Hoare's whole notion is to go through the Latin Dictionary, and to mention the English words which are, or which he supposes to be, derived from each successive Latin word. Dean Trench, again, though not strong in pure philology, is unrivalled in his own special line—that of elegant English scholarship, of knowledge of general European literature for some centuries back, and of power to apply such scholarship and knowledge. He therefore gives us what is the thing really most needed for his purpose—the literary history of the words which he writes about. Dean Hoare seldom gets beyond an easy quotation from very familiar writers. And as for philology, if pure philology is not Dean Trench's strong point, Dean Hoare has absolutely no philology at all. We are tempted to doubt whether he has any notion whatever of the Science of Language, or whether he ever heard of such a thing as the Aryan family of tongues. Of the different relations between different languages he has no kind of idea. He shows over and over again that he does not understand that dis-

tinction between *cognition* and *derivation* which lies at the root of the whole thing. If the connexion between a Latin and a Teutonic root is so obvious that he cannot help seeing it, he thinks one must be "derived" from the other, and in some cases he stops solemnly to doubt whether the Latin comes from the Teutonic or the Teutonic from the Latin. To the age, history, and comparative value of the different classes of "exotics"—to the difference between a foreign word thoroughly naturalized ages back and some silly intruder of yesterday—Dean Hoare seems never to have given a thought. The nearest approach to it is an occasional remark that one word comes straight from the Latin, and another through the French. Had he understood the distinction between these different classes, he might have been saved the trouble of fighting against a shadow. The Dean seems possessed with a notion that there are some people who wish to get rid of all Latin and French words altogether. This he rightly thinks would be very silly. But then we never heard of anybody who wished to do anything of the kind.

The "exotics" fall naturally into three great classes, each of which may again be easily sub-divided. First, there are words which have taken root in the language, which have assumed a thorough English shape, and which it requires some little thought to distinguish from real Teutonic words. "Pay," at first sight, seems as native as "say," and "money" as native as "honey." One large class of these—namely, ecclesiastical words, Bishop, Priest, Mass, Angel—are as old as English Christianity. The rest came in with the Normans; but the words are just as much naturalized as the men. Dean Hoare may be quite sure that no one wants to get rid of either the words or the men, or to draw any invidious distinction between them and their strictly English fellows. The Dean need not fear that anybody will talk about a man "telling his shilds," instead of "paying his debts;" what we do kick at is "an individual discharging his pecuniary obligations." The second class consists of those words which are not thoroughly licked into shape like the first class—which show their foreign birth at first sight, but which still have their proper use, in which nobody wishes to disturb them. Their existence is an effect, though a very indirect effect, of the Norman Conquest. Our language was checked in its development before it had formed any large stock of abstract words. It therefore lost the power of making them at will, which our German brethren have kept. For all words which are in the least degree technical or scientific, we are driven to draw upon other tongues. We have done so for ages, and do so still, so that, among words of this class, some are very old and some very new. We may be sorry that it is so, but it is too late to try to help it. Hence follows what the Dean sets down as an inconsistency, that it is impossible to argue against the use of "exotics" without using "exotics" in the course of the argument. So it is, because it is impossible to argue upon any subject without using them. Our Teutonic vocabulary, which is quite enough for some of the highest forms of eloquence, breaks down the moment we attempt anything which savours in the least degree of philosophical discussion. The Dean need not be afraid that anybody will try to get rid of this class of words, plenty of which may be found in our last three or four sentences. All that the fiercest Teuton can ask will be, that they may be regarded as a sort of mercenaries, tolerated and employed because we unluckily cannot do without them, but not to be held in the same honour as our own citizens, whether born or naturalized. No; use them by all means—use them freely whenever no Teutonic word will really supply their place. Only don't use them when a Teutonic word really will do as well.

There undoubtedly is a third class of words which are mere barbarisms, mere needless intruders, which are better never used at all; but the style which we so often protest against consists much oftener in disobedience to the last rule—in using some abstract, or technical, or special word when it is not wanted. Thus, to "allude" is a thoroughly good word when there really is an allusion. "Individual" is a perfectly lawful term of philosophy, and is even convenient when we wish pointedly to distinguish this or that man from a corporation or from the State. It is not the word "allude," or the word "individual," that we object to, but only to talking of "alluding to an individual" when we simply mean "speaking of a man." "Solution" and "question" are good words in their right places; but "the solution of the Polish question" is mere diplomatic gibberish. "Chronie" is good in the mouth of a physician; "agrarian" in that of a Roman lawyer. But "chronic disturbances" and "agrarian outrages" are quite another thing. "Reliable," to be sure, and "solidarity" may be utterly shut out. "Reliable" is barbarous in its formation, and is needless, as "trustworthy" will do just as well. As for "solidarity," the dull "Anglo-Saxon" brain must first be taught what it means, before it can say whether it has any word in its own speech which can express the meaning.

Dean Hoare, therefore, need not fear that anybody wants to get rid of all "exotics." Nobody wants to do more than to keep certain kinds of exotics in their right places. Nor is he more lucky in one of the advantages which he claims for his favourites—namely, "the convenience of synonyms hereby supplied, by the use of which tautology is avoided." We fear that Dean Hoare is one of those people who are afraid of using the same word more than once in the same sentence—who, if they chanced to say "begin" in the first clause, would say "commence" in the second, and "inaugurate" in the third. Any one, on the other hand, who has studied either Lord Macaulay or the English Bible, knows well what an effect is often produced by the repetition of the same word.

* *Exotics; or, English Words derived from Latin Roots. Ten Lectures.* By Edward Newenham Hoare, M.A., Dean of Waterford. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & Co. 1863.

And Dean Hoare leaves out a real advantage, on which Dean Trench has said a good deal—namely, the power which a mixed language has of supplying not exactly “synonyms,” but words of kindred yet not identical meaning. Thus, “kingly” and “royal” do not express precisely the same idea, and it is a gain to have the two instead of the single “*königlich*.” “Lawful,” “legal,” “loyal,” again—respectively Teutonic, Latin, and French—all express different shades of meaning. Dean Hoare may be sure that any “exotic” which has a real use is safe from attack.

The Dean's notions of the history of Welsh and English we leave to speak for themselves. We will only say that it is funny, in 1863, to have nobody later than Dr. Johnson to quote:—

What was the language spoken by the Britons or Welsh, who were the first possessors of Great Britain that we know anything of, it is impossible to conjecture; there being very few words in the present English tongue that can with any probability be traced to pure British roots. “The whole fabric and scheme of the English language is (Dr. Johnson remarks) Gothic or Teutonic; it is a dialect of that tongue which prevails over all the northern countries of Europe, except where the Slavonian is spoken;” and from this (the Teutonic) the Saxon, “which is the origin of the present English, was either derived, or both have descended to us from some common parent.”

What was the form of the Saxon language, when, about the middle of the fifth century, that people first arrived in Britain, cannot now be known. As they appear to have been altogether destitute of learning, their language must have been very artless and unconnected, and probably only oral, and not written. In about a century after their first arrival, Christianity was introduced amongst the Saxons; and with it, doubtless, a certain degree of civilization and learning. But it was not until three centuries afterwards that they had formed a language capable of expressing the sentiments of a civilized people. Hence the first specimen of ancient English that Dr. Johnson considers worthy of selection is taken from a work of King Alfred, who flourished in the ninth century. In this work there are scarcely any words to be found borrowed from the Roman dialects.

Dr. Johnson is again quoted towards the end:—

He further makes a remark which applies generally to the subject of these Lectures, namely, that while we derive so many words from the Latin, it is not to be denied that many of them may have come immediately to us from the Saxon and Teutonic languages, and other dialects; it being often difficult or impossible to decide whether Latin words were derived from these more ancient languages, or in some instances these from the Latin; while many words which we trace to Latin roots have come to us, as has been frequently observed, through the French and Italian.

For Dr. Johnson to have very faint notions of comparative philology was quite pardonable. There was no science of language then; but it is too bad when Dean Hoare, at our time of day, traces plain English words to the Latin, and mistakes cognates for derivatives. Thus, in pp. 311-12, we have “time” from “*tempus*,” “name” from “*nomen*,” “forth” from “*foras*,” “swear” from “*severo*,” [sic] “spell” from “*syllabare*,” “wane” from “*vanesco*.” Dean Hoare reminds us of the patriotic German who wanted to get rid of all Latin intruders in his own tongue, and began by putting a black mark against “*vater*” and “*mutter*.” Of these derivations “forth” from “*foras*” is perhaps the queerest. We wonder whether the Dean has any notion of the connexion between “*foras*” and “door.” So, under “*Rego*,” we are told:—

“Righteous” and “righteousness” may also be traced to this Latin root; but these are among the instances in which it is difficult to say whether the Latin was derived from the Teutonic, or the reverse.

Of “*gravis*” we read that—

Gravis, heavy, supplies “grave” for solemn, as if heavy with cares; a word to be distinguished from *grave*, to engrave, derived from the Greek *grapho* to write; as also from a *grave*, from the Anglo-Saxon, which latter, when occurring at the end of names of places, indicates a *grove* or *cave*.

Now could any man, with the slightest glimmerings of philology, have failed to point out the history of the *γρᾶφ* and *γραφ* or *grab* root? To derive “grave,” the verb, from *γρᾶφειν* is, of course, ridiculous; but the Dean has not the faintest notion that *γρᾶφειν* and both *graves*, with endless other words, are really the same. So, under “*Lex*,” he tells us:—

“Law” and “lawyer,” “lawful” and “lawfulness,” with the opposites formed by the negative prefix *an*, are derived from this root.

Dean Hoare saw that “*Law*” and “*Lex*” had something to do with one another, but he had no idea that they could have anything to do with one another in any way except by direct derivation. It is clear that of real philology he has no knowledge whatever.

So, again, “*novus*, new, supplies the roots of ‘new,’ ‘news,’ and ‘newness,’ of obvious meaning.” These words, in some other book, might just be capable of a good meaning, but Dean Hoare evidently thinks that *new* is derived from *novus*. What does he make of *neu*, *vinc*, and *newydd*? So, again, “*minuo*, to lessen, and *minutus*, lessened, give us ‘minikin,’ a word used contemptuously to mean very small, ‘minim,’ ‘minnow,’” &c. &c. Of the wide field on which he has thus unwittingly stepped, the Dean has no notion at all.

The Dean's Latin throughout is of the queerest. He treats us to “*fugitus*” and “*vasus*” as participles from “*fugere*” and “*vadere*,” “*emigro*” is from “*e meo agro*,” “*vigilant*” from “*vigere*,” “*detest*” from “*Deus*” and “*testis*.” The following also is odd, as the Dean seems really to believe it:—

Dr. Richardson quotes Varro as giving the derivation of the Latin word itself. He says *caveo* is from *cavus*, a cave; because men, in early ages, were said *caveo* (to be cautious against), dangers, heat, cold, or foes, when they betook themselves to *caves* or *caverns*, and protected themselves there.

Other strange things are scattered through the book. Thus, “*demise*,” in the sense of “death,” does not mean “departure from life;” or rather, it does not mean anything at all; it is a mere

fashionable vulgarism, springing from not understanding the legal phrase of “the demise of the Crown.”

Under “*Alter*” the Dean says:—

“*Adultery*” is giving to another, and is applied to a husband or a wife forsaking a lawful spouse for another. “*Adulteration*” of food, now much spoken of and exposed, is an adding other ingredients to the material professedly given as “*unadulterated*.”

No scholar now believes that “*adulter*” has anything to do with “*ad*” and “*alter*,” and of course “*adulterate*” and “*adulteration*,” as applied to food or anything else, are simply a metaphor for conjugal adultery, as old as the time of Cicero.

Under “*Rumpo*,” we find—

The words “*bankrupt*” and “*bankruptcy*” are of hybrid derivation, compounded of a Saxon noun and a Latin participle.

There is no “hybrid derivation” at all, *bancus*, *banco*, *banc*, being one of the Teutonic words which crept into the Romance languages. “*Bankrupt*” is not formed from our own “*bank*” or “*bench*” and “*rumpere*,” but is a foreign word adopted whole. We must also explain to the Dean that no sort of “imaginary beings” were designated by the Anglo-Saxons *fairies*, from their supposed brightness and purity.” This is as fine a blunder as we ever saw. Dean Hoare seemingly thinks that “*fairy*” is a Teutonic word from *fair* (*feyer*). Now, *fairy* is not Teutonic at all, and its application to the imaginary beings themselves is a modern error. Their true name is *fay*, from the French *fee*, Italian *fata* (from the Latin *fatum*); and *fairy* or *faery* is the land of the fays, the *fay-rie* or *fay-ry* (just like *Jewry*), which is a “hybrid derivation” if Dean Hoare pleases. We must inform the Dean that the genuine Teutonic name for their sprites is *elf* or *elf*, a word which has not quite died out of the language.

Again:—

A “*congress*” is a meeting with or coming together; it is usually applied to an appointed meeting for political purposes, as the “*Congress of Vienna*,” and the periodical assembly in America similar to our Parliament is called the “*Congress*.”

It would hardly have been out of place to show how the American Assembly came to bear the name of “*Congress*,” which at first sight seems an odd one. The first “*Congress*” was really a “*Congress*” in the usual sense—a meeting of diplomatic (or quasi-diplomatic) representatives “from several independent states.” It was only under the present Constitution that it became a body “similar to our Parliament.” Had it first appeared in such a shape, it is hardly possible that Congress would have been the name given to it.

“*Inflexible*,” says Dean Hoare, “is, in pure Saxon English, *unbendable*.” If the words “*Saxon English*” had any meaning, they would mean that “*unbendable*” is a word in use in Somersetshire, but unknown in Yorkshire. But does the Dean fancy that “*able*” is a “*Saxon*” ending? He has here really landed us among his “hybrid derivations.”

Now and then, when the Dean is right by mistake, he seems hardly to be sure of it:—

Villain is supposed to come from *vilis*, vile or worthless; but a more likely derivation is from *villa*, the manor of the lords of the soil, whose servants were hence called *villains*, not originally conveying the idea of anything opprobrious.

Surely, again, Dean Hoare quite mistakes his author in the following quotation:—

For example, the use of the word *do* before verbs in the plural, which Pope imagined “future refiners of our language may explode.” In poetry it is often necessary, as in the following lines from Pope:—

“Off the ear with open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join.”

Pope in this passage is satirizing the needless use of expletives, not showing their need. The following is passing strange:—

A “*mortuary*” chapel was one built, as an addition to a Gothic church, as a place of burial for the family of the founder.

Why need the church be “*Gothic*”? Why need the chapel be an “*addition*”? Why need it be for the family of the founder? Could not a man build a mortuary chapel from the beginning, or add it to a Romanesque or even to an Italian church, or design it for the burial of some upstart family? But Dean Hoare's notions about Gothic architecture are amusing throughout. In his first Lecture, he compares, not without some ingenuity, the revived taste for Teutonic architecture with the revived taste for a Teutonic style in language:—

It is not a little remarkable, that, with the taste for “the classics” in literature, as the dead languages were called (probably because they constituted the study of the highest classes in schools), a disrelish for the Gothic in architecture began to prevail. And as with respect to literature in a subsequent age, a pedantic or *auvergne* style, affecting Latin-derived words to the depreciation of purer English, came into vogue—so in the fine arts there arose a desire to adopt the classical in preference to the Gothic; not, however, the pure taste of ancient Greece, but a heavy and fantastic style, incumbered with ornamentation of a debased and incongruous character.

In both cases, I allude only to the abuse, by exaggeration, of the style adverted to. As the severe and chaste Grecian architecture in its classic simplicity is to be admired, although not to the depreciation of the Gothic, as more especially suited to ecclesiastical edifices, so simple Anglo-Saxon words are to be valued, but not to the rejection of those that have been derived from Latin directly, or secondarily through the French; nor of those which have been borrowed either directly from the Greek, or from that comprehensive and expressive language through the Latin.

Of late years the revival of Gothic architecture has been contemporaneous with the return by many writers to the simplicity of the Anglo-Saxon in style; and this no doubt has been an improvement. At the same time, as I think that it would be a mistake to adopt the Medieval style of architecture, to the entire rejection of the Grecian or Italian, perhaps better suited to domestic and secular as distinguished from ecclesiastical buildings; even so

it would be objectionable to revert to the simple Anglo-Saxon in literature, to the exclusion of words derived from the classics.

Dean Hoare's derivation of the word "classic" is as odd as his other derivations; but we quote the passage to show that Irish Deans have reached that curious stage in architectural taste when Gothic is thought to be fit for a church, and unfit for anything else. However, it is something to know that the Dean of Waterford looks on the style of his own Cathedral as less suited to ecclesiastical architecture than that of his more fortunate neighbours at Kilkenny.

Dean Hoare refers several times to a former work, called *English Roots, and the Derivation of Words from the ancient Anglo-Saxon*. We have not seen it, but we should think it must be a great curiosity.

HISTORY OF SECRET SOCIETIES.*

M. DE CANTELEU, in the book before us, has undertaken to give the world an impartial history of secret societies, from their earliest date to the French Revolution; at which epoch he stops short, whether from prudence or lack of materials it is unnecessary to decide. The range of his labours extends from Solomon to Cagliostro, both inclusive, and, translated into space, this period occupies just 223 pages of small octavo and large print—a compass which, narrow as it is, comprises nevertheless a large proportion of matter foreign to the main subject of the work. From these statistics, it is hardly necessary to say that, for any purpose of detail or reference, it is practically as unavailable as the map of Europe would be to a Welsh tourist. M. de Canteleu is evidently what Mr. Carlyle would call "a man with a fixed idea," and the nature of his idea may be at once collected from his preface:—

Les sociétés secrètes ont eu des époques où elles avaient un but tout religieux, d'autres où elles avaient un but politique; mais on peut dire que généralement leur vrai but, à toutes, a été toujours, est et sera toujours la lutte contre l'Eglise et la religion chrétienne, et la lutte de celui qui n'a rien contre celui qui possède. Elles se recrutent à peu près toutes dans la Franc-Maçonnerie, la grande pépinière des adeptes; aussi je doute qu'il ait existé des sociétés secrètes dont les membres ne fussent pas Francs-Maçons.

For the sake of the writer's pretensions to originality, we regret to state that his notions of an "Anti-Christian conspiracy," and such evidence as he adduces in support of it, have been already embodied in four ponderous volumes by the Abbé Barruel just seventy years ago. But the Abbé's proximity to the Reign of Terror gave him a great advantage over M. de Canteleu, and obtained for his "sensation treatise" a notoriety little deserved by its literary merits, and hardly to be rivalled in 1863 by a mere *réchauffé* of its contents.

This essay may be divided into three parts—the first embracing the traditions which form the history of Freemasonry previously to the Christian era; the second treating of secret societies generally, from that period to the French Revolution; the third devoted to the hypothesis that Freemasons and Illuminati brought about the Revolution itself. Of the first of these, perhaps the less said the better. The difficulty which besets the reader who seriously endeavours to make anything of the mixture of Rosicrucian and Rabbinical traditions in which it is involved is analogous to that which Niebuhr might have felt had he set about compiling a pre-Noachian history from Moore's "Loves of the Angels." The following account of the origin of Masonic signs is, at any rate, circumstantial enough:—

Salomon, fils de David, voulant construire le fameux temple de Jérusalem, avait réuni des légions d'ouvriers. Des fondateurs, au nombre de 30,000, 30,000 maçons, 70,000 manœuvres, etc.; obéissaient à Adonhiram, ce maître étrange et mystérieux que le roi de Tyr avait envoyé à Salomon et qui, non seulement chef de toutes ces légions d'ouvriers, devait aussi rester le chef de toutes les légions des travailleurs futurs. Organisant ses ouvriers comme une armée, et la disséminant par bataillons, il la dirigeait au moyen de 3,300 intendants, et pour ne pas risquer de payer l'apprenti comme le compagnon, le compagnon comme le maître, il avait institué des initiations, et, pour chaque grade, des mots, des signes et des attachements différents.

If M. de Canteleu, on the one hand, affirms the innate antagonism of secret societies to the Christian religion, De Quincey, on the other, maintains that the Church was not unwilling to avail herself of the shelter they afforded during the troubled times of her early career. The latter writer conjectures that Christianity formed the hidden centre of Essenism, arguing from the presence of certain anomalous facts which, as he asserts, admit of no other solution—his process of induction being not altogether unlike that by which Leverrier inferred the existence of Neptune from the perturbations of Uranus. First, there is the outstanding fact that the Essenes (a sect, according to Josephus, the third in magnitude among the Jews) are never once mentioned in the New Testament; and secondly, that Josephus himself maintains a singular reticence on the subject of Christianity—for the passage in which the name of Christ occurs in his history must be regarded as an undoubted forgery. How is it, asks De Quincey, that the Essenes, if in existence during the lifetime of Christ, should have won no word of praise from Him—should have elicited no rebuke from Him? Starting from these and other anomalies, he arrives at the conclusion that Essenism served as a masked propaganda of the doctrines of Christianity, its outer circles comprising the uninitiated—in other words, the orthodox Judaists—and its centre,

the "Illuminati," or actual Christians, whose very existence was unsuspected by the neophyte till, under a process of gradual training and initiation, he had evinced his fitness for admission into the brotherhood of the Faith. The conjecture is probably more ingenious than sound, but De Quincey has at least the merit of fairly grappling with problems intimately connected with the subject of which M. de Canteleu treats—problems of which, notwithstanding, all notice is omitted in the volume before us. The existence of the Essenes is barely mentioned in a passage involved in obscurity almost as great as that which surrounds the sect itself. The authorities cited by the author are, we should add, "Gérard de Nerval" and the "Leviteon:"—

Les mystères de l'initiation égyptienne, transmis aux Juifs par Moïse, aux Chrétiens par Jésus-Christ, furent religieusement conservés par les successeurs de saint Jean l'apôtre, et ces mystères et ces initiations, régénérés par l'initiation évangélique, étaient un dépôt sacré, gardé par les frères d'Orient.

Ceux qui étaient restés à Jérusalem fondèrent un hospice en faveur des pèlerins qui venaient visiter le temple, et les maîtres élus, qui s'étaient retirés loin de Jérusalem, et qui étaient restés cachés dans les déserts de la Syrie et de la Céléryrie, et autour du mont Liban, où ils se gouvernaient suivant leurs lois, prirent le nom d'Esséniens et se livrèrent de nouveau à l'étude des sciences occultes, et du grand œuvre qu'ils avaient négligé depuis Salomon. Ceux qui étaient devenus chrétiens prirent le nom de Thérapeutes, et restèrent, néanmoins, attachés à leurs frères et initiés comme eux.

Philo we know, and Josephus we know, but who is Gérard de Nerval? And what are we to make of this statement as to the Essenes? The successors of St. John, we must infer, were necessarily Christians. Of these, some "remained in Jerusalem," others "retired into the desert and took the name of Essenes." The legitimate inference is, that all Essenes were Christians; but a little further on we find the statement that "such of them as were Christians took the name of Therapeutes"—a qualification which leads to the contrary inference that a portion, at least, had never embraced Christianity. On what foundation the assertion relative to the transmission of the "mystères de l'initiation égyptienne" rests we are by no means prepared to say. M. de Canteleu has spoken, but even the apocryphal Gospel of the Infancy remains silent on the subject of so ultra-apocryphal a tradition, which, were it worth tracing, would probably be found to originate with Ammonius or some other of the Neo-Platonists.

The writer indicates a sort of Apostolo-Masonic succession between these Therapeutes and the Templars, to whom they transmitted their mysteries. The latter, during the establishment of their order in the East, formed a more questionable alliance with the Assassins, a branch of Ishmaelish Freemasons, with whom the order was affiliated through the initiation of William de Montbard by the celebrated Old Man of the Mountains. On the suppression of the Templars, in the commencement of the fourteenth century, their possessions devolved upon the Knights of Malta, and a general dispersion of the members ensued, of whom some entered the Masonic Lodge of Scotland, and founded a new form of Masonry, which, under the name of the "Strict Observance," was at a later date transplanted into France by the exiled Stuarts.

Such, with various collateral branches, is the main trunk line by which M. de Canteleu and his fixed idea travel onwards to the French Revolution. He offers not a vestige of evidence in support of anything like that "common intent" or traditional policy which he styles "la chaîne invisible qui relie entre elle toutes les sociétés secrètes." His theory of the Anti-Christian tendency of Freemasonry resembles the air-drawn dagger, visible to Macbeth himself, but remaining wholly beyond the perception of those to whom he discourses of it. This, after all, we are inclined to believe, may be simply explained by the hyper-Catholic zeal of the author. It is but natural that a Church which aims at a monopoly of secrets in the confessional should manifest antipathy to those whose avowed principle is an infringement of that monopoly; and as naturally, perhaps, may M. de Canteleu, in an excess of zeal, be expected to denounce such societies as hostile to his faith. Still, as an historian, he is bound to furnish proofs of the animus which he affirms to be subversive, not only of the Roman Catholic Church, but of the Christian religion generally, and he must submit to be nonsuited if those proofs are not forthcoming. This, however, is not all, for he suppresses much that tells in favour of Freemasonry. Thus he informs us that it was proscribed in England in 1425, but omits to mention that this proscription was in reality but a dead letter. The 3rd Henry VI. makes it felony to assemble the chapters, and punishes those attending them with fine and imprisonment. But, within half-a-dozen years of its passing, the Archbishop of Canterbury presided over a lodge at Canterbury, and Henry, soon after attaining his majority, was himself initiated as a masonic brother. Henry VII. and Cardinal Wolsey successively filled the office of Grand Master, and a list of royal and ecclesiastical names might be added, were it worth while to summon them as witnesses to character on behalf of the accused. To do this, however, would be simple loss of time, for here is M. de Canteleu, with half-a-dozen French authorities to back him, all ready to prove that Cromwell effected the Rebellion by Freemasonry; and the case being thus summarily disposed of, the conviction is put in evidence on further indicting the culprit with having brought about the French Revolution. There is another version of Cromwell's success which M. de Canteleu omits to notice, perhaps for fear of weakening the strength of his own hypothesis. Echarde relates that, on the morning of the battle of Worcester, the General and Colonel Lindsay went

* Les Sectes et Sociétés Secrètes, Politiques et Religieuses; Essai sur leur Histoire depuis les Temps les plus Reculés jusqu'à la Révolution Française. Par J. H. E. Comte Le Comte de Canteleu. Paris: Didier et Co. 1863.

into a woodside not far from the army, and advancing to some distance, met a grave elderly man, with a roll of parchment. Colonel Lindsay overheard Cromwell exclaim, on receiving it, "This is but for seven years, I was to have had it for twenty-one." The old gentleman peremptorily declared that it could not be for any longer time. Cromwell then took the parchment, and with great joy cried, "Now, Lindsay, the battle is our own." Worcester, which he was wont to call his "crowning mercy," was fought on September the 3rd, 1651, and certain it is that the Protector died on September the 3rd, 1658, the exact termination of his seven years' lease.

The latter portion of this work narrates, "en parenthèse," the history of Cagliostro and the once famous scandal of the diamond necklace, in which Cardinal Rohan, Bohmer, Cagliostro, and Madame de la Motte were the principal actors. Those who are curious on either subject will find them better discussed in Carlyle's miscellaneous works. His biography of Cagliostro, for its ironical power and fine anatomical treatment of scoundrelism, fairly deserves a place by the side of Fielding's *Life of Jonathan Wild*. All that M. de Canteleu has to say on the main subject has, we repeat, been said before him by the Abbé Barruel in four volumes, and by Professor Robison in one; and both, shortly after their publication, met with an answer from M. Mounier, in his treatise *De l'Influence Attribuée aux Sociétés de Franc-Maçons*—an answer which M. Mounier, from his connexion with the earlier stages of the Revolution, and as President of the first National Assembly, was, of all persons, perhaps the best qualified to give. To the assertion that the Revolution was due to a propaganda of Illuminati and Freemasons, M. Mounier replies:—

Il n'y a point cependant d'autre propagande que le zèle de tous les partisans de la Révolution, qui dans toutes les circonstances dont ils pouvaient profiter, ont fait des efforts pour augmenter le nombre de leurs prosélytes.

He points, moreover, to the fact that the Illuminati had been suppressed in 1787, two years before the Revolution broke out, and that neither the name of France itself nor that of a single Frenchman was discovered on the seizure of their secret lists—expressly adding, moreover, that he himself had never the slightest reason to suspect that any one of the friends of liberty was influenced in the smallest degree by the Freemasons or Illuminati. The fact seems to be, that secret societies were to the Revolutionists much what the Fleet sewer was to the band of pickpockets some time ago discovered in it. Instead of simply a convenient place of concealment, M. de Canteleu would have us believe that the sewer was the cause of the pickpockets; with the not uncommon confusion between "post hoc" and "propter hoc" which has led so many astray since the origin of the Goodwin Sands.

Of Camorristas and Carbonari, and other societies belonging to a later period, the writer has not ventured to treat. His work, therefore, even as a catalogue *raisonné* of secret societies, is incomplete, and we sincerely trust that it may remain so. The publisher's advertisements acquaint us with the fact that he is the author of two brochures on the subject of *La Venerie Française*, and *La Chasse du Loup*. We have no doubt that, among his countrymen, he is a very respectable authority on matters connected with hounds and horses, and can only regret that he should have abandoned so harmless a field of activity for the more ambitious researches which have led to the production of the second-hand piece of literary Quixotism with which he has presented us.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S CHRISTIAN MORALS.*

THE quaint and highly characteristic little discourse of Sir Thomas Browne on Christian Morals formed one of the set of desultory papers left in manuscript by the worthy physician at his decease in the year 1682, two collections of which were afterwards, at separate times, committed to the press. The date of its composition does not appear, but it is described in the dedication as his last work. It was first published by his daughter, Mrs. Lyttleton, in 1716, the MS. having in the meantime been in some way mislaid, and only recovered in the course of certain researches made among the writer's literary effects, under the auspices of Archbishop Tenison. Its authenticity is guaranteed by the authority of his daughter, by whom it is dedicated to David Earl of Buchan, in acknowledgment of the honour conferred upon the author by that nobleman in making him his family physician; and a second edition was issued in the year 1756, with a short biographical and critical notice in Johnson's most turgid and magniloquent style. A handsome reprint in archaic type now lies before us, with no other addition than that of a frontispiece from the very Shakspearian portrait of Sir Thomas Browne in the hall of the College of Physicians.

We are not aware of any intrinsic reason for a republication of this little piece, save such interest of an antiquarian kind as may attach to it from its connexion with the name of its author, and the illustration it affords of a fashion in literature pushed to its extreme—the triumph of art over nature, the rule of the posture-master over the free spontaneous graces of natural movement. The work itself must not be looked upon as a scientific theory of ethics in our sense, but rather as a compilation of wise saws and modern instances, after the gnomic precedents of Epictetus, Cebes, or the Oriental retailers of proverbial lore. It partakes, in

truth, more of the nature of a practical homily, or succession of homilies, on the various virtues and points of moral duty. And its interest for the reader lies not so much in the novelty or cogency of its subject-matter as in the old-fashioned and modish guise in which its commonplaces are presented to the modern public. In the stilted and euphuistic style which characterizes the writers of the Arcadian age of Elizabeth and the first Stuarts, scarcely any higher proficiency was attained than by the accomplished and courtly author of *Religio Medici*. Of those high-flown artifices of language, stately or trivial, which formed the indispensable index to a polite and scholarly training—which are seen in their full poetical flow in Spenser, in their dignified ease in the sinewy grace of Bacon, and in their more delicate fancy in the rhythmical prose of Jeremy Taylor—hardly a greater or more varied assortment can well be collected from the pages of any contemporary writer than are thickly strewn over the present little ethical treatise. The staid and sober figure of virtue is dressed up with infinite pains, for the reader's delectation, in ultra-modish robes and deftly-twined wreaths of rhetoric; and the lanes of duty, if somewhat strait and formal, are not fenced in by thorny hedges, but trimly lined with flowers. Instead of prosy humdrum advice about the "narrow way," the student of Christian morals is bidden to "tread softly and circumspectly in this funambulatory track and narrow path of goodness"—at the outset "to maintain not uprightness by halting concomitances, nor circumstantially deprave substantial goodness." The first impression, on entering these bowers of ethical roses, is one of shame and profaneness at being caught among such courtly and Arcadian haunts without the appropriate garments of doublet and trunk hose, and without an introduction in form by such a master of the ceremonies as Sir Piercy Shafton at least. We expect to meet Elizabethan ruffs and fardingales at every turn of the trim and velvety walks. Our common homely speech falls on the ear with a rude and clownish sound, and we fear to break the charmed air with vulgar questions or comments of our own when we hear ourselves bidden in grave, sonorous phrase to "consider whereabouts we are in Cebes's table, or that old philosophical *pinax* of the life of man;" or when we are asked whether we have yet "entered the narrow gate, got up the hill and asperous way, which leadeth unto the house of sanctity," or "taken that purifying potion from the hand of sincere erudition" which may send us "clear and pure away unto a virtuous and happy life." We are warned against undue confidence in the pacific surface of life by the thought that we are "not sailing from Lima to Manila, when you may fasten up the rudder and sleep before the wind, but expect rough seas, flaws, and contrary blasts, and 'tis well if by many cross tacks and veerings you arrive at the port." And we are taught to seek the highest triumph, not a short "ovation," through subduing the inward passions:—"Let anger walk hanging down the head, and let malice go manacled, and envy fettered, after thee." "The long train of our trophies is within, not without us." "Make the quarrelling Lapithes sleep, and Centaurs within lie quiet." For "the noblest digladiation," we are urged by no less classical parallels, "is in the theatre of ourselves;" for "therein all our inward antagonists, not only like common gladiators, with ordinary weapons and downright blows make at us, but also, like retary and laqueary combatants, with nets, frauds, and entanglements, fall upon us." What makes Christian liberality the most rapid and thriving usury is that the "Almighty Rewarder observes no Ides, but every day for his payments;" and "what we adventure in a cock-boat may return in a carrack unto us." "Pallor" in goodness is the stamp of those persons "who are lightly dipt, not grain'd in generous honesty," who ought to "stand magnetically upon that axis where prudent simplicity hath fixed them, and let no attraction invert the poles of honesty." They should live "by the old ethics and the classical rules of honesty," putting "no new names or notions upon authentick virtues and vices," nor thinking that "morality is ambulatory," and that vices in one age are not vices in another. The apostolic limitation of anger is quaintly capped with a more special allusion to the very briefest meridian passage—"Let not the sun in Capricorn go down upon thy wrath." Another of the deadly sins is to be balked and crippled by the precept to "hang early plummets upon the heels of pride, and let ambition have but an epicycle and narrow circuit within thee." Never was conscience more graphically depicted, even by Cicero himself, than as a "natural standing court within us, examining, acquitting, and condemning at the tribunal of ourselves; wherein iniquities have their natural *thetas* (Θ inscribed upon the judges' tessera or ballot being the mark of a sentence of death), and no nocent is absolved by the verdict of himself." Flattery and self-credulity are best shown in making "fools, which are antipodes unto the wise, conceive themselves to be but their Pericci, and in the same parallel with them." The mysteries of Providence are not to be attributed to chance or fortune, neither to be read with presumption or suddenness; for "the hand of Providence writes often by abbreviations, hieroglyphicks, or short characters, which, like the Laconism on the wall (of Belshazzar), are not to be made out but by a hint or key from that Spirit which indited them." Such was the era of the "old tetrick philosophers," whose sourness and moroseness was due to their looking without this better clue to "the unnatural current of riches, power, and honour in the world, and withal the imperfection and demerit of persons often advanced unto them; being tempted unto angry opinions, that affairs were ordered more by stars than reason, and that things went on rather by lottery than election." Our best physiologists

* *Christian Morals*. By Sir Thomas Browne, Kt., M.D. London: Rivington, 1863.

may be puzzled how to explain the discovery that every man has "an alarm in his breast," which tells him he has "a living spirit in him above two thousand times in an hour," though they may not be equally disposed to reject as apocryphal the moral inference—"Dull not away, therefore, thy days in slothful supinity, and the tediousness of doing nothing." The modern hatred of sloth-like locomotion will echo in more matter-of-fact phrase the dictum of the circumlocutory sage, that "to tread a mile after the slow pace of the snail, or the heavy measures of the lazy of Brazil, were a most tiring pennance, and worse than a race of some furlongs at the Olympics." Nor yet can our faster-living generation afford superciliously to flout the old-world maxim to "move circumspectly, not meticulously, and rather carefully solicitous than anxiously solicitudinous," not striving to "run like Hercules a furlong in a breath"—seeing that, now as then, "festination may prove precipitation."

We confess to a liking to being lectured after this pleasant, antique, humoristic fashion, and should be content to hear much of our moralizing, and even sermonizing, done with the same habitual point, and pith, and aphoristic power. There is a condensed wisdom, a reserve of moral and intellectual strength, in the quaint and original, albeit intensely artificial writing of that age, which is infinitely refreshing after the smooth sameness of modern platitudes and the weak outpourings of modern self-consciousness. We should not, of course, look to Browne for any formal, methodical system of ethical science, or for any precise analysis of mental or psychological phenomena, any more than we should rely on the physical knowledge of a man who, eminent as he was in his profession, and ardent in the explosion of "vulgar errors," was so far behind even the philosophical attainments of his own day as to ridicule the idea of the motion of the earth. His whole turn of thought and composition is indeed loose and unsystematic—the fruit of fancy rather than methodical reasoning; and all his literary works have the air of being a patient accumulation of random jottings from time to time, rather than the result of a set and formal purpose of writing. In Johnson's phraseology, they "contain not a single discourse of one continued tenor, of which the latter part rose from the former, but an enumeration of many unconnected particulars, arising gradually to its present bulk by the daily aggregation of new particles of knowledge;" although we may not dispute the sentence of the same wordy censor, that "his innovations are pleasing, and his temerities felicitous." The slender part which exact knowledge had to play in his mode of philosophizing, compared with the sportive frolics of imagination, is nowhere more absurdly conspicuous than in his learned *Quincunx*, or treatise on the Gardens of Cyrus, "artificially, naturally, and mystically considered." In the course of his researches into this recondite subject, Browne shows himself so wholly lost to every other consideration save that of his favourite figure as to justify the remark that he seemed to have imagined that discussion was the great business of the world, and that nature and art had no other purpose than to exemplify and imitate a quincunx. Among his proofs of how many things are circumscribed by this mystical number, he gravely instances that there are "five kinds of vegetable productions, five sections of a cone, five orders of architecture, and five acts of a play." And observing that five was the ancient conjugal number, he is ready with a reason for that interesting speculation. "The ancient numerists made out the conjugal number by two and three—the first parity and imparity, the active and passive digits, the material and formal principles in generative societies." Of a more practical kind, as well as more pertinent to the great political evolution of these latter days, is his confident prognostic (in which he was subsequently supported by Bishop Berkeley), in his *Prophecy concerning the Future State of several Nations*—that "America will be the seat of the fifth empire."

Speculative as the learned doctor was, he could certainly embody a wholesome caution against occult and fallacious theories in his counsel "not to embrace the opaque and blind side of opinions, but that which looks most luciferously or influentially unto goodness," as well as a more sonorous than practical guide to truth in his rule, "in bivious theorems and Janus-faced doctrines to let virtuous considerations state the determination." Distrusting the aspect of the world as "historical," and most men as "living ironically," he can yet believe in a few "single hearts" to whom "doubting is discrediting"—temper which "must sweat to dissemble, and prove but hypocritical hypocrites." By the junction of sense and reason alone would he "give life unto embryon truths, and verities yet in their chaos," and he rejoices in the prospect of the ultimate elucation of truth, and "exaltation of that obscured virgin half out of the pit." Where natural logic fails, he has little belief in the substitutes of art, bidding us "trust not too much unto suggestions from reminiscential amulets, or artificial memorandums," or rely "upon silent and dumb remembrances;" seeing that such impressions wear out by use, or, in his superior language, "assuefaction unto any thing minorates the passion from it." In his admiration for the "Stoicks"—whose philosophy and example were as much in vogue among the wits and moralists of his age, in this country, as they became in France during the century following—Browne incurred some little suspicion of lax orthodoxy, from the way in which he exalts the natural virtues, and the contempt with which he speaks of pain and death. Too much of the braggart or the inexperienced in suffering peeps out in his assured persuasion that he "could lose an arm without a tear, or, with a few groans, be quartered to pieces." His superiority to the fear of death may be due in a sense to his having parted

with the last superstition of his friends "the Stoicks and old heroes," who were "afraid of drowning, as dreading thereby the extinction of their soul, which they conceived to be a fire." For himself, he could stand stanchly by his faith in the Church of England—scandalizing, be it said, sundry of the stiffer or more Erastian friends of the Establishment by his declaration that he assumes the "honourable stile of a Christian, not because it is the religion of his country, but, because, having in his riper years and confirmed judgment seen and examined all, he finds himself obliged, by the principles of grace and the law of his own reason, to embrace no other name but this," knowing no other master but Him "who alone died salvifically for us." This posthumous treatise of his, however it may provoke a good-natured smile at the worthy knight's innocent affectation and superfluous bursts of learning, must win our regard and veneration by the unconscious witness it bears in every line to his worth as a good man and a gentle, his unshaken hold of moral principle, and his high-souled love of truth.

BRAMELD'S VERSION OF THE FOUR GOSPELS.*

THE question, often urged of late, of a new translation of Holy Scripture for the use of the people, does not wholly rest on the same grounds as regards the Old Testament and as regards the New. In the former, vastly less critical progress has been made than in the latter; and therefore the hope of revising and re-translating, with any moderate degree of finality, is substantially more remote. A Bishop has lately endeavoured to drive a coach and six through all the books of the Law, and the controversial dust stirred by the attempt must settle down before we see our way to any further critical adjustment. The treasures of the Samaritan Pentateuch may be vast or may be slight, but they remain unexplored, and any conclusions come to now, even arithmetically, would probably have to be upset whenever its contents had been mastered. In the New Testament, a great deal has been effected towards restoring a probable text, and some essays have been made towards translating the Greek anew, of which the book before us contains a specimen. As regards the comparative call for either Testament in a correct English form, it may be said that the errors of our present Bible are probably far more numerous and grave in the Old than in the New Testament, but are much less important as regards the teaching of the people. Popular Christianity, moreover, consciously rests its faith far more obviously and primarily on the New Testament, and would feel far more sensitively any disturbance of that letter on which it so reposes. Thus, after all, the balance rests nearly in *equilibrium*. The authorized version of the Old Testament could bear to be meddled with more easily, and needs absolutely more to be disturbed, but the task of reaching and curing its flaws or errors is incomparably greater. The New Testament labours under less need of a new English dress, and it would be comparatively easy to give it one; but the new version here would awaken more jealousy, while the old version would leave more regrets.

But above and beyond these considerations, there is this yet to be weighed. Our present version is the one peg which keeps British and Transatlantic reformed Christendom together. Make a new version, and the old will, in the spirit of discord, be at once set up against it. Men will apply to the old and new versions, irrespectively of their merits, the proverbial dictum concerning old and new wine. Of course this would be perverse, prejudiced, and all the rest of it; but, unhappily, men are perverse and prejudiced, else why are there, we will not say Dissenters at all, but why are there such endless and fantastic subdivisions and contra-divisions of them? And, in proportion as a new version dispelled darkness and substituted light, it would exactly gauge and bring out the prejudices of the more blind, gross, and vulgar ignorance which it might in itself be adapted to correct. One would think that it was as easy to circulate a new version of the Scriptures, say, as a new decimal coinage. To make the said version would be a thing comparatively easy—or, at any rate, we will assume it done, and Alford and Wordsworth shaking hands over it; but how to get it accepted? Above all, how to call in and cancel the old? These are none of "the things which are Caesar's." You cannot deface the image and superscription, melt down and re-mint it, like an old half-crown reappearing as "one-tenth of a pound." Inevitably, then, there will be two concurrent versions—the one with the fond devotional traditions of centuries, the other with the bright sharp "Brunnimage" stamp of modern scholarship and criticism. Every denomination would probably be divided against itself—one faction representing the old garment, the other upholding the new piece, and the rent in every case made worse. Those who believe in the ultimate wisdom and reasonableness of mankind—or, rather, of that section among them who can read and write and care about the question—may hope that in time the one version would extinguish the other. Not so; or, at least, if so, we feel sure which would be the extinguisher and which the extinct. Scholars would soon begin to fret holes in the amended version. Its very existence would be an argument for further change. The support of it would be languid, for it would not have taken hold on the popular mind. Its friends would be found among the delicate, and sensitive, and critical; while the friends of the popular version would be of the kind that dashes a sturdy fist on the table at a vestry-meeting or in a

* The Holy Gospels Translated from the Original Greek, the Spurious Passages Expunged, the Doubtful Bracketed, &c. &c. By G. William Brameld, M.A. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

public-house, and glories in proclaiming its belief, beyond other unities, in one Bible and one British Queen. The former would be counted by tens, and the latter by tens of thousands.

We have gone thus far into the general question, because there is no objection, but rather every encouragement due, to competent scholars setting themselves to popularize, in the narrower sense in which it is possible, "the conclusions at which the greatest modern critics have arrived with reference to the text of the Holy Gospels," or any other portion of the Sacred Text. We think that Mr. Brameld has taken up a work of great interest, and has been successful as regards the skeleton of his subject; we wish we could say as much for its whole frame and fibre. He has presented in a compact form, and with all candour and fairness—and we think mostly also with judgment—the differences between the relative weights of authority which belong to particular passages, clauses, or words in the four Gospels. We are sorry, where great industry has evidently been bestowed, to be unable to commend his translation; and indeed we think he is here wrong rather in his principles than by accident. For instance, the preface tells us that "the order of the Greek sentence has generally been retained;" and accordingly, in the translation, we find such things as "male and female made he them;" "water for my feet thou gavest me not, but she in her tears steeped my feet, and with her hair she wiped them;" and, "to turn the hearts of fathers unto children, and unbelievers to the sentiments of just men, to make ready for the Lord a people well prepared." The author "has endeavoured to restore the article to its proper place in the text," including its expulsion when it has no business there; and accordingly we now read, "all the generations shall call me blessed;" again, "now from the fig-tree learn the parable;" and "every tree . . . is hewn down and cast into fire." The translator hardly seems aware of the possessive force of the Greek article. Thus he brackets for omission the second "his" in the phrase, "shall gather his wheat into his garner," because, it should seem, *αὐτοῦ* is of doubtful authority; whereas about the *τῆν* before *ἀποθήκην*, on which the "his" still rests even were *αὐτοῦ* dropped, there is no doubt at all. Our translator seems, moreover, to have very rigorous views as to the force of the aorist—the most elastic form of speech ever devised by a people whose thoughts were ever too quick for words. Thus we have *ὁ ὀμῶρας*, "he who sware," where "swareth"—and *ὁ ἀπὸ θανάτου*, "that he was dead," where "is dead"—stands in our version and is unquestionably correct; St. Mark meaning to give, as common with him, the actual word used in *oratio recta*, and yet introducing it by the *ὅτι* more proper to *obliqua* (Matt. xxiii. 21; Mark ix. 26). We have no space now to enter into the grounds of this aoristic usage. No scholar will need to be told them, and to any but a scholar they could not be conveyed without prolixity. Again, we have what certainly appears a mistake of a perfect for an aorist. In St. John xvii. 7, *ἐγνώκαν*, the well-known late Greek form for *ἐγνώκειν*, and running directly on from the unquestionable perfect *τετήρηκεν* of verse 6, is aoristically rendered "they knew," with a marginal note explaining "knew," "in the sense of ascertained." This is as false to the sense as to the grammar, and our authorized version "have known" is equally true.

In his restoration of the imperfect tense Mr. Brameld has been more successful, and we have noted only one instance of his missing it—viz. in keeping the "heard" of the A.V. in Mark xii. 37. His alteration in the terms of language is not to be approved in, we think, the majority of cases. We have, indeed, noticed as improvements "splinter" for "mote," and "John the baptizer" in one passage where the Greek word is not *βαπτιστής*, and evidently insinuates contempt. But we think "gable" for "pinnacle," "caskets" (of the Magi) for "treasures," "close of the age" for "end of the world," and, above all, the change of "the Jews cried out" into "the Jews screamed out"—and "these things (earthquakes, famines, tumults) are the beginnings of birth-pangs" for "beginnings of sorrows" in the A.V. of Mark xiii. 8—are partly wrong, and partly pedantically over-accurate. In rendering, it will not do to be "righteous over-much," and the effect of these principles, or some of them, is to take us back to our recollections of exercises on the lower fifth form. Again, why write Phanuel, but Zabulon and Capernaum, where one and the same Hebrew and Greek vowel-sound is to be represented? We are grateful for the distinction between *παῖς* and *δοῦλος*; but what is gained by changing "tribute" into "poll-tax," or by introducing "Geenna" and "Sanhedrin" into an English text, we do not see. We think St. Mark viii. 24 (a very difficult text) should be read with the chief stop after *διδόρα*—"I see men that they are as trees"—not after *ὅρα*, which, with *περιπατοῦντας*, would then form a second ejaculation; and we feel sure that the *ὅτι* of St. Luke xii. 50, is adversative, as Dean Alford gives it, and that "and" is therefore a wrong rendering. "Be of comfort," omitting "good," in St. Mark x. 49, is hardly English. "Dumb-founded" for *ἐκμύθη* is nearly English, and according to Johnson (who cites Addison, *Spectator*, 616) "dumb-founded" would be quite so. We venture to add that no considerations of space or type should have led to the omission of the verse-numbers. It not only doubles a reviewer's trouble, but it takes a large percentage off the book's usefulness.

On the whole, Mr. Brameld has not had a sufficiently sparing and reverential hand for the Authorized Version, where it might be maintained. The rule followed by its authors was, that whatever could possibly be retained of the old version which they had to amend should not be touched; and we believe that the same principle, consciously or not, governed those in turn who made

that version, and so on up, perhaps, to the earliest of Henry VIII's time, if not to that of Wicliffe himself. Conceive the havoc made in this traditional sanctuary of language by letting loose a first aorist untamed! It would be only equalled by the painful floundering to be witnessed subsequently, whenever a short-sighted clergyman, in the pluperfect tense of human life, came upon a chapter in the reading-desk which he thought he knew by heart. We reverently forbear to pourtray, even by conjecture, the consequences. We only say to all whom it may concern, Beware of giving free range to Dawes' Canons in sacred literature.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

*THE Correspondence of Goethe and the Grand Duke Karl-August of Weimar** is undoubtedly an important publication, on account of the celebrity of one, at least, of those whose letters it contains. But it will be felt to be a disappointing book. There is nothing that one would not naturally expect to be there; but there is a great deal that is not there which would be found in any other correspondence between two educated Germans during the eventful period which it covers. The first part of it is comparatively interesting. The two friends were young, and could apparently take interest in something beyond theatres and museums. The letters of Goethe during his journey in Italy are full of interesting matter, although, occurring as it did on the very brink of the revolutionary era, there is a strange reticence about political affairs. So, too, during the war that followed the declaration of Pillnitz, Karl-August served with the allied army, and therefore his letters to his friend during that period could hardly fail to throw occasional light upon the important movements in which he was engaged. But from the time that he returns from that war, in 1795, all human interests beyond the gossip of watering-places would seem to have been washed away from the minds of the two friends. We know that with Goethe it was not really so, and therefore we must presume that he accommodated his style of writing to the mind of his princely patron. During the twenty years that followed, there were events which, one would imagine, might have occasionally occupied the thoughts of a German prince and the most distinguished man of letters in Germany. But if we might judge from this correspondence, Goethe and Karl-August were living in a world in which such names as Napoleon, Jena, Austerlitz, and Moscow were absolutely unknown. It was a very comfortable world, in which the chief occupation was arranging theatrical entertainments, getting up country visits and sledge parties, stocking museums with fossils, and chemical curiosities, and medals, and bits of sculpture—all varied by frequent excursions in the season to drink the waters at some German bath. About the time when Napoleon was invading Germany for the campaign that ended in Austerlitz, the Grand Duke was planning fireworks and congratulating himself on having secured a magnificent bass for his Opera. Two months before Jena, he was writing to his friend that Töplitz was dreadfully dull, that it was exceedingly difficult to make acquaintances, and that his only comfort was the arrival of Duke Albert of Sachsen-Teschen, who had got an excellent cook. There is no hint in the letter that the writer had ever heard of the conqueror who had just trampled one German monarchy in the dust, and was about to trample another, and was at that moment illustrating the prostrate condition of Germany by shooting Palm. During the eventful months of November and December 1812, the illustrious friends are engaged in a lengthy correspondence touching a project for erecting a watering-place at a village named Berka, about a mile from Weimar. But we have no word, no hint, of the passage of troops, or of news from Russia, or of anxiety concerning any great passing crisis. On the 18th of December—the very day when Napoleon arrived at Paris, and when the whole disaster must have been well known—Goethe writes to his patron to announce with enthusiasm that the sulphate of lime in the springs at Berka was found to decompose under the influence of light, and would therefore yield sulphuretted water. If they had taken any notice of passing events, they would of course have taken a French, and not a German view of them. But their sublime indifference is far more inexplicable than their want of patriotism. The early part of the correspondence, as we have said, is not so destitute of historical interest as the later part. There is a curious memorandum of an offer made by the Dutch to the Grand Duke for a loan of troops, which illustrates the value of a fine German peasantry to their sovereign in those days. Fifty thalers a year were to be paid to the Grand Duke for every soldier he should supply, and at the end of the war they were to be sent back. But it occurred to the negotiators that one natural consequence of a war was that it might be difficult to return precisely the same number of troops that had been sent, and the sovereign might thereby be robbed of his property. To meet this contingency, it was provided that whatever might be wanting in the number when they were given back "should be made good" by a payment of "three hundred florins for a rider and horse, and one hundred florins for a foot-soldier." So that a peasantry was worth something in those days. All political opinions given just previously to the French Revolution are instructive as evidence of the apparent phenomena by which that portentous change was ushered in. Goethe gives few political opinions in this correspondence, and therefore

* *Briefwechsel des Gross-Herzogs Karl-August von Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach mit Göthe, in den Jahren von 1775 bis 1823.* 2 Bände. Weimar Landes-Industrie-Comptoir. London: Nutt. 1863.

one that he hazards upon this subject is remarkable. Writing in 1787—thirteen years before the battle of Marengo—he laments, as a deep European calamity, the low estate to which France had sunk. He dreads the consequent predominance of Austria and Russia. In Italy, from which he was then writing, he says that the general opinion is that Austria will only suffer the designs of Russia upon Constantinople on condition of Italy being assigned to an Austrian prince. For this he believes the Italians, and even the priesthood (Austria under Joseph was anti-ecclesiastical), were then ready and willing. In the Papal and Neapolitan States the people were discontented, and especially the clergy. "Only yesterday a monk of seventy years of age said to me, 'If I only could live in my old age to see the Emperor come and drive us all out of the cloisters, religion itself would be a great gainer.'"

A valuable treatise* by M. Nilsson, upon the aboriginal inhabitants of Scandinavia has been translated from the Swedish. It is an investigation founded upon the monuments and remains in which Sweden is rich, and upon a renewed investigation of the fragments of ancient voyages that have come down to us. The author does not believe in a bronze age as a separate chronological period. It might well be that bronze should be used contemporaneously with flint—bronze, a foreign importation, being used by those who were rich enough to pay for it, flint by those who were not. This he believes to have been the case in Sweden. His theory is that the original introducers of bronze were the Phœnicians. The articles of bronze which are found are chiefly implements of war, though it is evident, from contemporary monuments, that houses and ships existed, and that, therefore, implements of some kind for building them must have existed too. The swords of bronze that remain are of two distinct types. One kind of sword has on it certain ornaments which the author maintains to be of an Oriental character. These swords have all of them remarkably short handles—too short to be convenient for the use of the present Scandinavian race. Then there is another class of swords with longer handles, and these have no ornaments at all. He interprets this contrast in the following way. When a small colony of civilized people settle down among a numerous population of barbarians, the usual course of things is that the civilized race rules them at first, but afterwards by intermarriage is merged and lost in the more numerous natives, and all distinction between them is ultimately effaced. The operation of the same rule in the most remote times is indicated by the swords. The owners of the short swords were the Phœnicians. The ornaments may be traced back to Phœnician originals; and the short handles were fitted for the hands of a small Asiatic race of men. When they first landed in the country, they alone were possessors of bronze arms, and by virtue of them they ruled the country. In course of time, the distinction between them and the natives was effaced by intermarriage, and bronze swords were made for all. But they were no longer made with Oriental ornaments; and the handles were enlarged to meet the requirements of a large-handed Northern race. In confirmation of this theory, that the Phœnicians colonized Scandinavia, he adduces other proofs. Remnants of Phœnician superstition may still—and, a century ago, might yet more largely—be traced among the inhabitants of the Norwegian coast. Vestiges of the worship of Baal remain in the fires lighted on Midsummer-day (the Sun's day), round which the people dance solemnly, and "make their sons and daughters pass through the fire." This heathen practice had not the cruel meaning commonly attached to it. The young men and young women leapt through the fire as a religious rite, but they were not expected to burn themselves. Indeed, the superstition was that the fire had no power to burn them. M. Nilsson suggests an ingenious reflection with reference to these midsummer bonfires upon the northern headlands of Norway. They are lighted, as we should say, at night. But in those latitudes there is no night at Midsummer, as the sun is above the horizon the whole twenty-four hours. The consequence is that the flame of the bonfire is scarcely visible, and the ceremony is by no means impressive. It would never have entered into the heads of the people there to invent such a mode of celebrating an Arctic Midsummer. The ceremony is an evident importation from latitudes where a bonfire was a more effective spectacle. The author adduces numerous other proofs of the worship of Baal in Scandinavia. He examines the carvings of the monuments, and shows them to be symbolical. He points out the similarity of figure between sacred implements which have been discovered, or which are represented on the monuments, and those that are described in the Old Testament. And he shows from the evidence of Pytheas, a scientific man of Marseilles who made a voyage into those seas before the Christian era, that the worship of the Sun-God was then prevalent. The book is written with great clearness and fullness of argument, and, in spite of its disadvantage in appearing as a translation, the style is flowing and readable.

The necessities of Austria naturally direct the attention of her scientific men to the subject of finance, so that a school of financial writers is growing up, of very marked ability. A work from the pen of Dr. von Hock upon "Public Taxes and Debts"† shows no falling off from this general character. It is a work of pure

theory, and does not enter into statistics. It will strike most English readers as being far advanced beyond the financial wisdom which is popularly attributed to Austrian politicians. The author is a strong free-trader—without, however, carrying his doctrine to the length of condemning import duties which are raised purely for purposes of revenue. He rather favours a system of revenue that relies upon customs duties, objecting to a poll-tax as unjust, and to an income-tax as iniquitorial. He dwells upon the enormous financial advantages of a representative government, pointing out that Austria now bears an amount of taxation which an absolute monarch would have never dared to impose. He is not unfavourable to the system of raising revenue by monopolies, according to the favourite custom of many Continental Governments, for he looks upon the ordinary objection to the State acting in the capacity of trader or farmer as a prejudice. It can, he says, do such work as well as any body of men representing and managing the concerns of others. He speaks in terms of great contempt of the treaty between France and the Zollverein, as an arrangement in which France gives up comparatively nothing, and which cannot be regarded as more than a temporary compromise.

The second and concluding part of Dr. Plath's work* on the Religion of the Ancient Chinese has appeared at Munich. The series commenced with a paper read before the Academy of Sciences upon the long endurance and the development of the Chinese Empire. In this paper the progress of manufacture, literature, and science, so far as it exists, is traced, as well as the changes in the government, and in the social condition of the people. He attributes the unexampled endurance of the Empire chiefly to the system of competitive examinations, which have secured an able race of governors; and he imputes the degeneracy into which the Empire has fallen under the Manchū rule chiefly to the fact that the examinations have become less strict, and that, for the sake of financial relief, the practice of selling high offices has been allowed to creep in. The publication now before us is divided into two parts, the first of which treats of the religion, and the second of the ceremonies of the Chinese. In the first part, the dogmas, objects of worship, and omens are examined; in the second, the sacrifices that were exacted, the persons that offered them, and the observances connected with them. The whole is drawn entirely from Chinese works, and is interspersed with many dissertations upon Chinese etymology and orthography. The author is a great admirer of the Chinese; and strenuously upholds, not only their piety, but, in one place, even their willingness to mix with and to obtain knowledge from strangers.

Frederick the Great, and his Great Chancellor, Samuel von Cocceji‡, by Von Adolf Treudenburg, is a treatise upon the principles on which those two eminent personages undertook the reform of the Prussian law. The *Corpus Juris Fridericianum* was an attempt to construct fixed rules of law, founded on strictly logical deductions from certain primary principles which were called the laws of nature, and to give effect to such rules by a speedy and sure machinery. For his principles—his so-called laws of nature—Cocceji went almost entirely to the Justinian Code; so that in his hands the German law became even less German than it had been before. But it was in the practical reform of the administration of justice that his great merit lay. The extreme disorder and delay which characterized almost all the courts of justice in Europe a century and a half ago were well represented in Prussia. Cocceji found that a mere paper reform of the law was of very little use for the relief of the litigant. If those who administered the new law were to be bound by old habits and traditions, its working was likely to differ little from that of the code it had superseded. Cocceji felt that his only hope of a real reform was personally to superintend the changes, and, if possible, to infuse into the procedure of his own tribunals something of his own spirit. Accordingly, he began with Pomerania, where things were at their worst. He went down to Stettin in January 1746, and found 1,600 cases in arrears. He obtained from the King the necessary powers and assistance, and in May of the same year he was able to report that all those cases had been cleared away. By personally visiting the tribunals of the different provinces, he was able to carry out his reforms. M. Treudenburg goes at some length into the peculiar working of his principles of law-reform in respect to the questions of wardship, degrees of affinity, appeals, and others. The code, however, was unfinished at Cocceji's death; and even the materials for finishing it were lost. How much in earnest the King was in supporting him in the work may be argued from a provision, rarely volunteered spontaneously by a despot, that the judges were to disregard any orders coming from the Crown with respect to the decision of a cause that was under trial.

A second edition† of Bülow's *Secret Histories and Mysterious Men* is in course of publication. The part that has just appeared—only one twenty-fourth of the whole—contains the lives of Nüssler, Kauderbach, the Countess Cosel, Cagliostro, St. Germain,

* *Die Ureinwohner des Scandinavischen Nordens.* Von S. Nilsson. Aus dem Schwedischen. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Die öffentlichen Abgaben und Schulden.* Von Dr. Carl Freiherrn von Hock. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

* *Die Religion und der Cultus der alten Chinesen.* Von Dr. J. H. Plath. München: Franz. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Friedrich der Grosse, und sein Grosskanzler, Samuel von Cocceji.* Von Adolf Treudenburg. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

‡ *Geheime Geschichten und Räthselhafte Menschen.* Von F. Bülow. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

